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Some account of the life of O.
Reginald Heber





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SOME ACCOUNT

OF

THE LIFE

OF

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REGINALD HEBER, D.D.

BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

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LIFE
OF
REGINALD HEBER,
BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.



*More sweet than odours caught by him who sails
Near spicy shores of Araby the blest,
A thousand times more exquisitely sweet,
The freight of holy feeling which we meet,
In thoughtful moments, wafted by the gales
From fields where good men walk, or bowers wherein
they rest.*

WORDSWORTH'S ECCLESIASTICAL SKETCHES.

L I F E
OF
REGINALD HEBER,
BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

CHAPTER I.

*Birth, Parentage and Education of Reginald Heber—
his distinction at Oxford—Palestine.*

THE character of REGINALD HEBER, late Bishop of Calcutta, is one on which readers of every sect and party, religious and political, may agree to dwell with delight. To the scholar his enthusiastic industry in the pursuit of knowledge, the extent of his accomplishments, the refinement of his taste, and the elegant works of his genius, will ever afford gratifying and improving subjects of contemplation. Throughout his life and his writings, it is impossible not to trace the career of a sincere, sober, enlightened patriot. His ser-

vices to the Church of Christ have not, perhaps, been surpassed in any lifetime of equal duration. Nor are these conspicuous merits dimmed or tarnished to public view, by any admixture of such faults of personal temper as are often recorded in the annals of the best and greatest. In every relation of life he appears to have devoutly done his duty, and at the same time done it so humbly and affectionately, as to endear himself to all with whom he was connected. Few men had more friends ; and he never made an enemy. The early death of one by whom so much had been done, and from whom so much more might have been expected, and the circumstances under which he was thus untimely removed, falling a sacrifice in the prime of his days to the overabundance of zeal with which he pursued the service of humanity and religion, on a remote shore, among half-civilized, ignorant and benighted strangers, and in a climate to which his constitution was ill-adapted, have invested his name and memory with a deep and universal interest.

It is understood that a detailed Memoir of Bishop Heber's life is in the course of prepa-

ration, by the person who knew and loved him the best. In the mean time we venture to collect such scattered particulars as have been published by writers having access to authentic sources of intelligence, and present them in one connected view.

The family of Heber have long been settled at Martoun-Hall, in Craven, and classed with the most respectable gentry of the county of York. Reginald, father to the Bishop, and second son of Thomas Heber, Esq. of Martoun, was born in 1728, and educated at Brazen-nose College, Oxford, where he afterwards acted as Tutor during many years, with much reputation. His elder brother dying shortly after Mr. Heber had taken holy orders, he came early into possession of the family estate of Martoun, and, later in life, of that also of Hodnet, in Shropshire, which had descended to his mother from her kinsman, Sir Thomas Vernon, Bart., the last male of an old and honorable lineage. Together with these estates Mr. Heber held the living of Malpas, in Cheshire, and subsequently, on his own presentation as lord of that manor, the rectory of Hodnet. He was twice married: first, in

1773, to Mary, the daughter of the Rev. Martin Baylie, Rector of Kelsall, in Suffolk, by whom he had one son, Richard Heber, Esq., well known in the literary world, and Member of Parliament, till lately, for the University of Oxford : secondly, in 1782, to Mary, daughter of Dr. Cuthbert Allanson, Rector of Wrath, in Yorkshire, by whom he had one daughter and two sons ; the elder of whom was the subject of this memoir.

Reginald Heber, late Bishop of Calcutta, was born at Malpas on the 21st of April, 1783. ‘In his childhood,’ says an evidently well-informed writer, ‘he was remarkable for the eagerness with which he read the Bible, and the accuracy with which he remembered it ; a taste and talent which subsequent acquirements and maturer years only served to strengthen, so that a great portion of his reading was intended, or at least was employed, to illustrate the Scriptures. He received his early education at the grammar-school of Whitechurch, whence he was afterwards sent to Dr. Bristowe, a gentleman who took pupils near London. His subsequent career at Oxford, where he was entered of Brazen-nose

College, in 1800, proved how well his youthful studies had been directed, and how diligently pursued. The University prizes for Latin verse, for the English poem, and for the English prose-essay, were successively awarded him ; and “ Palestine ” received the higher and rarer compliment of public and universal praise. Such a poem, composed at such an age, has indeed some, but not many, parallels in our language. Its copious diction,—its perfect numbers,—its images, so well chosen, diversified so happily, and treated with so much discretion and good taste,—the transitions from one period to another of the history of the Holy Land, so dexterously contrived,—and, above all, the ample knowledge of Scripture, and of writings illustrative of Scripture, displayed in it—all these things might have seemed to bespeak the work of a man who “ had been long choosing, and begun late,” rather than of a stripling of nineteen. Some few of our University English prize-poems have had an ephemeral reputation beyond the precincts of Cambridge and Oxford ; but “ Palestine ” is almost the only one that has maintained its honours unimpaired, and enti-

tled itself, after the lapse of years, to be considered the property of the nation.'

The poet's father, now at a very advanced age, but still retaining the vivacity of his mind and affections, was present in the Sheldonian Theatre when Palestine was pronounced from the rostrum by its youthful author; and witnessed the scene with feelings which parents only can understand. The verses were admirably delivered, listened to in profound silence, and rapturously applauded by a large and most brilliant audience. The couplet describing the building of the Temple,

'No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung,
Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung,'

was particularly admired then, and will continue to be so. But the liveliest sensation at the moment was probably excited by the verses in which the author alluded to the then recent expedition of Buonaparte into Palestine, and his discomfiture at Acre by the party of British seamen under the command of Sir Sydney Smith—

'When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle
And the green waters of reluctant Nile,
The apostate chief—from Misraim's subject shore

To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore ;
When the pale desert mark'd his proud array,
And Desolation hoped an ampler sway ;
What hero then triumphant Gaul dismayed ?
What arm repelled the victor-renegade ?
Britannia's champion !—bathed in hostile blood
High on the breach the dauntless seaman stood :
Admiring Asia saw the unequal fight,—
Even the pale crescent blessed the Christian's might.'

Mr. Heber, the father, died in the beginning of 1804. In the summer of 1805 Reginald gained the prize for an English Essay *on the Sense of Honour* ; thus carrying away, in succession, all the honours of this kind which his University offers for the competition of her sons ; and, shortly after taking his degree of A.B., was elected a fellow of All Souls' College—a society in the highest degree select and distinguished.

CHAPTER II

Heber's Travels in Russia, the Crimea and Germany.

HEBER now prepared to make the tour of such parts of Europe as were accessible at the period to English travellers. In company with his friend, Mr. John Thornton, he visited several of the German states, Russia, and the Crimea ; and some extracts from the journal which he kept throughout these peregrinations, having been printed as notes to the great work of Dr. Edward Daniel Clarke, excited a strong wish that the whole should be made public. This has not yet been done ; and we must content ourselves with transcribing a few fragments—which, however, may well detain attention, when it is remembered that they are the productions of a traveller of two or three-and-twenty. They exhibit, in effect, the same accuracy of observation, the same power of picturesque description, and much of the same enlarged views, which have since been so fully

developed in his Indian Journals and Correspondence.

The following is Heber's account of a visit which he and his friend, Mr. Thornton, paid to the celebrated Plato, Archbishop of Moscow, in the Convent of Befania. The information it afforded of the sentiments of the Russian clergy was highly important at the time of Clarke's first publication, and is still curious and interesting.

‘ The space beneath the rocks is occupied by a small chapel, furnished with a stove for winter devotion ; and on the right-hand is a little narrow cell, containing two coffins ; one of which is empty, and destined for the present archbishop ; the other contains the bones of the founder of the monastery, who is regarded as a saint. The oak coffin was almost bit to pieces by different persons afflicted with the tooth-ache ; for which a rub on this board is a specific. Plato laughed as he told us this ; but said, “ As they do it *de bon cœur*, I would not undeceive them.” This prelate has been long very famous in Russia, as a man of ability. His piety has been questioned ; but from his conversation we drew a very favourable idea of

him. Some of his expressions would have rather surprised a very strict religionist ; but the frankness and openness of his manners, and the liberality of his sentiments, pleased us highly. His frankness on subjects of politics was remarkable. The clergy throughout Russia are, I believe, inimical to their government ; they are more connected with the peasants than most other classes of men, and are strongly interested in their sufferings and oppressions ; to many of which they themselves are likewise exposed. They marry very much among the daughters and sisters of their own order, and form almost a *caste*. I think Buonaparte rather popular among them. Plato seemed to contemplate his success as an inevitable, and not very alarming prospect. He refused to draw up a Form of Prayer for the success of the Russian arms. "If," said he, "they be really penitent and contrite, let them shut up their places of public amusement for a month, and I will then celebrate public prayers." His expressions of dislike to the nobles and wealthy classes were strong and singular ; as also the manner in which he described the power of an Emperor of Russia, the dangers which surround him, and

the improbability of any rapid improvement. "It would be much better," said he, "had we a constitution like that of England." Yet I suspect he does not wish particularly well to us, in our war with France.'

In another chapter is the following masterly sketch of the state of the Russian peasantry:—

'We observed a striking difference between the *peasants* of the *crown* and those of *individuals*. The former are almost all in comparatively easy circumstances. Their *abrock*, or rent, is fixed at five *roubles* a year, all charges included: and as they are sure that it will never be raised, they are more industrious. The *peasants* belonging to the *nobles* have their *abrock* regulated by their means of getting money, at an average, throughout the empire, of eight or ten *roubles*. It then becomes not a rent for land, but a downright tax on their industry. Each male peasant is obliged, by law, to labour three days in each week for his proprietor. This law takes effect on his arriving at the age of fifteen. If the proprietor chooses to employ him the other days, he may; as, for example, in a manufactory: but he then finds him in food and clothing. Mutual ad-

vantage, however, generally relaxes this law; and, excepting such as are selected for domestic servants, or, as above, are employed in manufactories, the slave pays a certain *abrock*, or rent, to be allowed to work all the week on his own account. The master is bound to furnish him with a house and a certain portion of land. The allotment of land is generally settled by the *Starosta* (Elder of the village) and a meeting of the *peasants* themselves. In the same manner, when a master wants an increase of rent, he sends to the *Starosta*, who convenes the *peasants*; and by this assembly it is decided what proportion each individual must pay. If a slave exercise any trade which brings him in more money than agricultural labour, he pays a higher *abrock*. If by journeys to Petersburg, or other cities, he can still earn more, his master permits his absence, but his *abrock* is raised: the smallest earnings are subject to his oppression. The peasants employed as drivers, at the post-houses, pay an *abrock* out of the *drink-money* they receive, for being permitted to drive; as, otherwise, the master might employ them in other less profitable labour, on his own account. The aged

and infirm are provided with food, and raiment, and lodging, at their owner's expense. Such as prefer casual charity to the miserable pittance they receive from their master, are frequently furnished with passports, and allowed to seek their fortune; but they sometimes pay an *abrock* even for this permission to *beg*. The number of beggars in Petersburg is very small; as when one is found he is immediately sent back to his owner. In Moscow, and other towns, they are numerous; though I think less so than in London. They beg with great modesty, in a low and humble tone of voice, frequently crossing themselves, and are much less clamorous and importunate than a London beggar.

‘The master has the power of correcting his slaves, by blows or confinement; but if he be guilty of any great cruelty, he is amenable to the laws; which are, we are told, executed in this point with impartiality. In one of the towers of Khitaigorod, at Moscow, there was a Countess Soltikof confined for many years with a most unrelenting severity, which she merited, for cruelty to her slaves. Instances of barbarity are, however, by no means rare. At

Kostroma, the sister of Mr. Kotchetof, the governor, gave me an instance of a nobleman who had NAILED (if I understood her right) HIS SERVANT TO A CROSS. The master was sent to a monastery, and the business hushed up. Domestic servants, and those employed in manufactories, as they are more exposed to cruelty, so they sometimes revenge themselves in a terrible manner. The brother of a lady of our acquaintance, who had a great distillery, disappeared suddenly, and was pretty easily guessed to have been thrown into a boiling copper by his slaves. We heard another instance, though not from equally good authority, of a lady, now in Moscow, who had been poisoned three several times by her servants.

‘ No slave can quit his village, or his master’s family, without a passport. Any person arriving in a town or village, must produce his to the *Starosta*; and no one can harbour a stranger without one. If a person be found dead without a passport, his body is sent to the hospital for dissection; of which we saw an instance. The punishment of living runaways, is imprisonment and hard labour in the government works; and a master may send to

the public workhouse any peasant he chooses. The prisons of Moscow and Kostroma were chiefly filled with such runaway slaves, who were, for the most part, in irons. On the frontier, they often escape; but in the interior it is almost impossible: yet, during the summer, desertions are very common; and they sometimes lurk about for many months, living miserably in the woods. This particularly happens when there is a new levy of soldiers. The soldiers are levied, one from every certain number of peasants, at the same time all over the empire. But if a man be displeased with his slave, he may send him for a soldier at any time he pleases, and take a receipt from government; so that he send one man less the next levy. He also selects the recruits he sends to government; with this restriction, that they are young men, free from disease, have sound teeth, and are five feet two inches high.

‘The *Starosta*, of whom mention has been so frequently made, is an officer resembling the ancient *bailiff* of an English village. He is chosen, we are told, (at least generally,) by the *peasants*; sometimes annually, and sometimes for life. He is answerable for the *abrocks* to

the *lord*; decides small disputes among the *peasants*; gives billets for quarters to soldiers, or to government officers, on a journey, &c. Sometimes the proprietor claims the right of appointing the *Starosta*.

‘ A slave can on no pretence be sold out of Russia, nor in Russia, to any but a person born *noble*, or, if not *noble*, having the rank of *Lieutenant-Colonel*. This rank is not confined to the military; it may be obtained by them in civil situations. (Professor *Pallas* had the rank of *Brigadier*.) This law is, however, eluded: as *roturiers* (plebians) frequently purchase slaves for hire, by making use of the name of some privileged person; and all *nobles* have the privilege of letting out their slaves.

‘ Such is the political situation of the *peasant*. With regard to his comforts or means of supporting existence, I do not think they are deficient. Their houses are in tolerable repair, moderately roomy, and well adapted to the habits of the people. They have the air of being sufficiently fed, and their clothing is warm and substantial. Fuel, food, and the materials for building, are very cheap; but clothing is dear. In summer they generally

wear Nantkin *castans*, one of which costs thirteen *roubles*. Their *labkas* (linden-bark sandals) cost nothing, except in great towns. They wear a blue Nantkin shirt, trimmed with red, which costs two or three *roubles*; linen drawers; and linen or hempen rags wrapped round their feet and legs, over which the richer sort draw their boots. The sheep-skin *schaub* costs eight *roubles*, but it lasts a long time; as does a lamb-skin cap, which costs three *roubles*. The common red cap costs about the same. For a common cloth *castan*, such as the peasants sometimes wear, we were asked thirty *roubles*. To clothe a Russian peasant or a soldier is, I apprehend, three times as chargeable as in England. Their clothing, however, is strong, and, being made loose and wide, lasts longer. It is rare to see a Russian quite in rags. With regard to the idleness of the lower classes here of which we had heard great complaints, it appears, that, where they have an interest in exertion, they by no means want industry, and have just the same wish for luxuries as other people. Great proprietors who never raise their *abrocks*, such as Count Sheremetof, have very rich and pros-

perous peasants. The difference we noticed between *peasants* belonging to the *Crown* and those of the *nobility* has been already mentioned. The *crown peasants*, indeed, it is reasonable to suppose, are more happy; living at their ease, paying a moderate quit-rent, and choosing their own *Starosta*. They are, however, more exposed to vexation and oppression from the petty officers of the crown.

‘ This account of the condition of the *peasants* in Russia is an *abrégé* of the different statements we procured in Moscow, and chiefly from Prince *Theodore Nikolaïovitz Galitzin*. The levies for the army are considered by the *peasants* as times of great terror. *Baron Bode* told me, they generally keep the levy as secret as possible, till they have fixed on and secured a proper number of men. They are generally chained till they are sworn in : the fore part of the head is then shaved, and they are thus easily distinguished from other *peasants*. After this, desertion is very rare, and very difficult. The distress of one of their popular dramas, which we saw acted at Yareslof, in the private theatre of the Governor *Prince Galitzin* . . . consisted in a young man being pressed for a

soldier. In the short reign of Peter II., who, it is well known, transferred the seat of government again to Moscow, no man was pressed for a soldier ; the army was recruited by volunteers ; and slaves were permitted to enter.'

Heber visited the country of the Cossacks of the Don ; and his notes concerning their manners, which he rated far indeed above those of the Russians, afforded better information than had till then been accessible as to a people destined to act a distinguished part in the defence of the North against Buonaparte in 1812. Writing at Axay on the Don, he says—

‘ There is here a very decent *kabak*, with a billiard-table, and a room adorned with many German engravings, and one English print, that of The Death of Chevalier Bayard. The *Cossacks*, having never heard of the *Chevalier sans reproche*, called it The Death of Darius. On my asking if Bourbon was *Alexandro Macedonsky*, they answered, to my surprise, that he was not present at the death of Darius, and showed themselves *well skilled in his history*, which one would hardly expect.

‘ Education among the *Cossacks* is not so low as is generally thought, and it improves

daily. All the children of officers are sent to the academy of *Tcherkask*, and learn French, German, &c. It was holiday-time when we were there ; but their progress was well spoken of.

‘ *Tcherkask* stands on some marshy islands in the river. The houses are all raised on wooden pillars, and connected by foot bridges. The foot-paths run like galleries before the houses. When we saw it, every part was flooded, except the principal street, the great church, and the market-place. The antic wooden cabins, mixed with the domes of churches, tops of trees, and Calmuck tents, had an interesting effect, just rising from the water. The *sudak* still continued to poison the air ; but the houses, notwithstanding the people are all fishers, are neat. *The Cossacks are much cleaner than the Russians.* There is a spacious and ancient cathedral, nearly on the same plan as the Casan Church in Moscow. Detached from the rest of the building is a large tower, which, at a distance, gives a faint recollection of St. Mary’s spire at Oxford. There are many other churches, full of very costly ornaments. I never saw so many pearls

at once, as on the head of a Madonna in the cathedral. These treasures are the spoils of Turkey and Poland.

‘The manners of the people struck us, *from their superiority to the Russians in honesty and dignity*. A lieutenant at Petersburg, who once begged alms from us, bowed himself to the ground, and knocked his head on the floor. A lieutenant here, who was imprisoned, and also begged, made the request in a manly and dignified manner, and thanked us as if we had been his comrades.

‘Both men and women are handsome, and taller than the Muscovites. This name they hold in great contempt, as we had several opportunities of observing. The procurator, the physician, the apothecary, and the master of the academy, being distinguished by their dress and nation from the Cossacks, seemed to have formed a *coterie* of their own, and to dislike, and to be disliked by, the whole town. The postmaster said they were much improved since he came there ; that then they would have pelted any stranger. We saw nothing of this kind, except that, when we first landed, *mistaking us for Russians*, some boys cried out,

“*Moscoffsky Canaille !*”—Canaille has become a naturalized word in Russia.’

He thus sums up his observations on the constitution of the armies of the Don :—

‘ Their government differs, in many respects, from the ancient Malo-Russian, and has lately suffered repeated encroachments. Their territory, which is almost entirely pasture land, is divided into stanitzas, or cantons ; for many stanitzas now contain more than a single village. To each of these, a certain portion of land and fishery is allotted by government, and an annual allowance of corn from Voronetz, and northwards, according to the returned number of Cossacks. They are free from all taxes ; even from those of salt and distilleries. The distribution of the land to the individuals in each stanitza is settled by the inhabitants and their Ataman. This Ataman was chosen by the people, and was both civil and military commander of the place. Paul had laid some restrictions on this right, which I could not understand. He had also ennobled the children of all who had the military rank of colonel, which was complained of, as introducing an unconstitutional aristocracy. From these

Atamans, an appeal lies to the Chancery at Tcherkask. They used to elect their Ataman there, and to appeal to him only ; assembling occasionally, as a check on his conduct ; but *he is now appointed by the crown, and greatly diminished in power.* The allotment of land and fishery which each Cossack possesses may be let out by him to farm, and often is so ; and it is a frequent abuse to insert the names of children in the return of Cossacks, to entitle them to their seniority in becoming officers. I met with a child thus favoured. This has taken place since the Cossacks, when called out, have been formed into regular regiments, which has depressed entirely the power of the village Ataman, by the introduction of colonels, captains, &c. Formerly, the Ataman himself marched at the head of his stanitza. Now he merely sends the required contingent, which is put under officers named by the crown.

‘ The Cossack, in consequence of his allowance, may be called on to serve for any term, not exceeding three years, in any part of the world, mounted, armed, and clothed at his own expense, and making good any deficiencies

which may occur. Food, pay, and camp equipage, are furnished by government. Those who have served three years are not liable, or at least not usually called upon, to serve abroad, except on particular emergencies. They serve, however, in the cordon along the Caucasus, and in the duties of the post and police. After twenty years, they become free from all service, except the home duties of police, and assisting in the passage of the corn barks over the shallows in the Don. After twenty-five years' service they are free entirely.

‘The Procurator declared the whole number of Cossacks, liable to be called on for one or more of these services, amounted to 200,000. He acknowledged that, as they would allow no examination into their numbers, he spoke only from conjecture, and from the different allowances of corn, &c. occasionally made. The whole number of male population he reckoned at half a million. The situation of a Cossack is considered as comfortable ; and their obligations to service are deemed well repaid by their privileges and their freedom. “FREE AS A COSSACK” is a proverb we have often heard

in Russia. The number of Cossack guards, who are all Donsky, amounts to three regiments, of 1000 each. The number employed in Persia and Caucasus I could not learn. In the year 1805, a corps of seventy-two regiments, of 560 men each, marched under Platof, the Ataman of Tcherkask ; but received counter orders, as it did not arrive in time for the battle of Austerlitz. At Austerlitz, only six hundred Cossacks were present. The peasants near Austerlitz spoke of them as objects of considerable apprehension to the French cavalry ; particularly the cuirassiers, whose horses were more unwieldy. These Cossacks, Platof said, had suffered dreadfully, as they were for some time the only cavalry with the Russian army, and, before the Emperor joined Kotuzof, had lost almost all their horses with fatigue. During the quarrel of Paul with England, he assembled 45,000 Cossacks, as it was believed at Tcherkask, to march to India. I saw the plan was not at all unpopular with Platof and his officers. Platof's predecessor was the last Ataman who was in possession of all his ancient privileges. He had often, by his own authority, bound men

hand and foot, and thrown them into the Don. He was unexpectedly seized and carried off by the orders of the Empress (Catherine,) and succeeded, as General of the Armies of the Don, by Maffei Ivanovitch Platof, a fine civil old soldier, with the great cordon of St. Anne.

Of the kindred tribes on the Dnieper we have what follows:—

‘These men originally were deserters and vagabonds from all nations, who had taken refuge in the marshy islands of the Dnieper. At the foundation of Cherson, they were chased from their homes, and took shelter at the mouth of the Danube, still preserving their character of fishermen and pirates. Potemkin offering them pay and lands, they returned to the side of Russia, and did great service in the second Turkish war. They received, as a reward, the country newly conquered from the Kuban Tartars. They hold their lands by the same tenure, and enjoy nearly the same privileges, as the Don Cossacks. They are, however, much poorer, and more uncivilized, and never quit their country, where indeed they have sufficient employment. They receive no

pay, except an allowance of rye; and dress themselves at their own expense, and in whatever colours they choose, without any regard to uniformity. The officers, for the most part, wear red boots, which is their only distinction. They deal largely in cattle, and have a barter of salt for corn with the Circassians. . . . They are generally called thieves. We found them, however, very honest, where their point of honour was touched, very good natured, and, according to their scanty means, hospitable.

‘The cattle here are larger and finer than any where in Russia. There are no sheep, not even of the Asiatic breed. The Cossack horses are what would be called, in England, good gallowses. Their masters vaunt very much their speed and hardiness. According to them, a moderately good horse will go sixty versts, or forty miles, at full speed, without stopping. They are seldom handsome.’

When Mr. Heber was in this country, his friend Mr. Thornton, the companion of his travels, lost his gun; and they left Ekaterine-dara, supposing it to be stolen; as travellers in Russia are constantly liable to thefts of every description. To their great surprise,

however, when they arrived at Taman, the gun was brought to them. An express had been sent after them, who had travelled the whole distance from Ekaterinedara to Taman, to restore the gun to its owner; and the person employed to convey it refused to accept any reward for his labour. ‘Such facts as these (says Dr. Clarke) require no comment. The character of the Cossacks, and their superiority to the Russians in every qualification that can adorn human nature, is completely established.’

Our traveller now proceeded to examine the Crimea—so interesting for the remains of antiquity and the reverses of fortune. From this part of his journal the following are extracts:—

‘On the 22d of April we found we had exhausted all the curiosities of Taman, and determined to proceed directly to Kertch, and wait for our carriage at Kaffa. We were induced to take this step by understanding that Venikalé offered nothing remarkable either in antiquities or situation, and by our desire to give as much time as possible to Kaffa. The regular ferry-boat was then at Venikalé, and

the wind directly contrary. For this boat our carriage was obliged to wait: we ourselves obtained a fishing-boat from the point nearest Kerteh. From Phanagoria to this point is reckoned twelve versts: it is a long narrow spit of sand, evidently of recent formation, and marked in Guthrie's map as an island. Even where this terminates, is a range of sand, reaching like a bar across almost half the Bosphorus, and hardly covered with water, which bids fair in time, completely to block up the navigation. An immense quantity of sea-fowl are seen on every part of the Straits. The prospect is perfectly naked and desert; on one side the bare downs and long sand Kossas of Taman, and on the other a bleak and rocky coast, without verdure or inhabitants; and the miserable fishermen, who rowed us over, were a very fit group for such a scene. From the Kossa, where we embarked, to Kerteh, is reckoned twelve versts. Immediately opposite is a round shallow bay, where was a hut in which the fishermen occasionally slept. Behind the northern point of this bay opens a much larger; where a few miserable houses, a small church, and a jetty of piles,

point out Kertch. The most conspicuous object is a conical green hill, either entirely or in part artificial, on the top of which is a seat and a flag-staff. The Russian officer, who took us there, fancied it was erected in honour of Mithradates, or some of his family. The shore is very shelving and shallow; and we had the greatest difficulty to get our boat within a reasonable distance of the land. The commandant of Kertch, a Georgian by birth, told us that many plans had been given for a harbour and quarantine at this place; but the present scheme of making Kaffa the emporium would probably prevent them. Immediately on landing, we were accosted by a Russian priest with the salutation *Χριστὸς ἀνίστη*. We had before observed, that the Cossacks used at this season to salute foreigners in Greek. The town of Kertch is very small and miserable; it is chiefly inhabited by Jews. There is one tolerable watchmaker, and two shops in the Bazar, where we saw some English cotton stuffs. The country around is all bare of trees, and their fire-wood is brought from the neighbourhood of Eski-Krim, a distance of perhaps 120 versts. There is a spacious for-

tress, and a garrison of a lieutenant-colonel, a major, and four companies of light-infantry. The men were distinguished by not wearing swords, which most Russian soldiers do: the non-commissioned officers carried rifles. I had made some drawings and memoranda of the antiquities, which I have lost, but which differed in no material point from the account published by Pallas. The most interesting are in the wall of the church. It is perhaps worth mentioning, as illustrative of national character, that the Russian major, who agreed to furnish us with horses, and an open kibitka to Kaffa, insisted on such usurious terms that the other officers cried out shame, and that the same man afterwards squeezed some further presents out of Thornton's servant. A Cosack would have disdained such conduct.

‘ In the first stage towards Sudak, a building presents itself on the left hand, in a beautiful situation among woods, on the side of a steep hill, which our Tahtar guide said had been an Armenian convent. We conversed with the Tahtars by an interpreter whom we hired at Kaffa: he was a Polish Jew, but had resided several years at Constantinople. No-

thing could be more interesting, and to us novel, than the prospect, and the appearance of every one we met. A mirza, or noble, one of the few who still remain in the country, overtook us; and I was delighted at being addressed for the first time by the Oriental salam, by which we were afterwards saluted by all the passengers. In this part of the country I only saw one camel, a she one, and kept for her milk: the roads are too steep and rocky for them. The common cart had two wheels, and was drawn by two oxen abreast, like a curricule: it was light, but spacious. This is only seen as far as Sudak: afterwards, the hills are too steep for any wheel carriage. We passed a day with Dr. Pallas at Sudak, who asked much about Messrs. Clarke and Cripps. The beauty of this celebrated valley rather disappointed us, except as far as the vineyards are concerned, which are more extensive and finer than any we saw besides. Dr. Pallas said, that the wine made by the Tahtars was spoiled by the over irrigation of their vineyards, which increased the size of the grapes, but injured their flavour. The wine we tasted was all poor and hungry. Sudak, or, as it was

explained to me, *The Hill of the Fountain*, is a small village, peopled by a few families of Greeks, with a very small and insecure harbour. The castle, which is ruinous, stands on a high insulated rock on the east of the town; and at the foot is a beautiful spring, preserved in a large cistern, with a metal cup chained to it. I suppose this is the harbour mentioned by Arrian as possessed by Scythian pirates, between Theodosia and Lampat. There is a small but handsome mosque still entire in the castle. I saw nothing which could be referred to a higher antiquity than the Genoese, nor any thing which I could rely on as even so old as their erections. It is only after Sudak that the real mountaineer features and habits appear to begin. In the Vale of Oluz, or Sudak, very few of the cottages are flat-roofed, and all the better sort of farm houses are tiled.

‘At Kaya, the next stage, and from thence to Baydar, the buildings have flat roofs, except the mosques, which are tiled; generally with gable-ends, and surrounded by a wooden portico. This distinction between the roofs of

private and public buildings is mentioned by Aristophanes, as existing in Athens:

—ὥσπερ ἐν ἱεροῖς οἰκίησεται

Τᾷς γὰρ ὑμῶν οἰκίας ἐρέψομεν ΠΡΟΣ ΑΕΤΟΝ.

Ορνιθ. 1109-10.

The houses are generally piled up one above another, half under ground, along the sides of hills; they are composed of clay, and the villages resemble rabbit-warrens. Irrigation is practised universally, and with apparent skill, where the vineyards are planted. Very little corn is grown; but the valleys are literally woods of fruit-trees. Water is abundant; and, near many of the best wells, seats of earth are made, and bowls left for way-faring men to drink. There are wolves and foxes, and, of course, the other game is not very plentiful; but there are hares, and a few partridges. Between Lambat and Aliuschta is the way to ascend Chatyr Dag, which we missed seeing, by the blunder of our Jewish interpreter.

‘We left Kertch on the twenty-third. From thence the road winds among swampy uncultivated savannahs, having generally a range of low hills to the south, and the Sea of Asoph at some distance to the north. These plains are

covered with immense multitudes of bustards, cranes, and storks. I saw no pelicans after landing in Europe. I never saw an English bustard; but those of the Crimea appeared to be a stouter bird than what is generally represented in prints. There are many ruins in this part of the country, and other vestiges of population. We passed two or three small, but solid and well-built bridges over rivulets, which appeared to be of Mohammedan workmanship; and there were many tombs distinguished by the turban. The number of barrows near Kertch is surprising. We passed two villages still standing, and recognised at once the grotesque dresses of the Nogay herdsmen represented by Pallas. At night we reached another village some time after dark, and, after a furious battle with the dogs, obtained a lodging. I have forgotten its name. The next day we found several patches of cultivation, and the country improving, though still full of ruins. On our right hand lay the Sea of Asoph; and on our left the Black Sea was now visible. A ruinous mosque was before us. We found, on inquiry, that our driver had mistaken his way; that we had passed the turn to Kaffa, and were

in the road to Karasubazar. Kaffa now lay on our left hand; and presents a most dismal prospect as it is approached on the side. There is a striking ruin on the north-east point of the bay, which was formerly a mint; and the walls and towers, though dismantled, are very fine. The tower rises like a theatre from the water's edge, and is of considerable extent, but almost entirely ruinous. On the land side it is defended by a high wall, with loop-holes and battlements: the loop-holes communicate with a sort of gallery, and are contrived in the thickness of the wall, with large internal arches, which give it the appearance of an aqueduct. These arches support the upper walk and parapet. The towers are semicircular. On one of them, in which is a gateway, are many shields with armorial bearings, not much defaced, which ascertain the Genoese to have been its founders. There are some noble Mohammedan baths entire, but now converted into warehouses; many ruined mosques; and one which is still in good order, though little used. There are also the remains of several buildings, which, by their form, and position east and west, appear to have been churches. Turkish

and Armenian inscriptions abound: but I could find, in several days' search, no vestige which I could rely on as having belonged to the ancient Theodosia. The north-west quarter of the town is peopled by Karaïte Jews, and the narrow bazar nearest the water swarms with those of Europe. These are the two most populous parts of the town. There are some Armenians, but not exceeding thirty families, and hardly any Tahtars. The remainder of the population consists of the garrison, five or six Italian and German merchants (no French when we were there,) and some miserable French and Suabian emigrants. General Fanshaw has constructed a very good quay; and, by pulling down some ruinous buildings and a part of the wall, has made a good cut from the north, which he has planted with trees. They were building a very large and convenient place of quarantine. I could find no aqueduct; nor did there appear any need of one, as there are many beautiful springs bursting out of different parts of the higher town, which, excepting the north-east quarter, where the Karaïtes live, is entirely waste and ruinous. The springs have all been carefully preserve

in cisterns, some of them ornamented and arched over, with Turkish inscriptions: and one of them in particular, which is near the south-west angle of the walls, is a delightful bath, though small, being surrounded by picturesque ruins, and overhung with ivy and brushwood. The ruins of Kaffa are mostly of free-stone: the greater part of the houses were, I understood, of mud and ill-baked bricks; but of these hardly any traces are left. None of those still standing have flat roofs, but are all tiled, with very projecting eaves, and in the same style of architecture as the palace at Batehiseraï. The best of these adjoin to the quay, and are inhabited by the merehants. There are a few buildings lately erected; one a tavern, by a French emigrant; and another a house intended for the governor, Fanshaw. All these are of slight timber frames, covered with plaister.

‘Kaffa was called by the Tahtars, in its better days, Kutehuk Stamboul (Little Constantinople.) I often asked different persons what its former population was; particularly an old Italian, who had been interpreter to the Khans; but the answers I obtained were not such as I

could credit. Yet he and the Tahtar peasants were in the same story, that it had formerly consisted of sixteen thousand houses. All the Tahtars attributed its desolation to the calamities brought on it by the Russian garrison, who tore off the roofs of the houses, where they were quartered, for fire-wood. I was told by a Suabian settler, that wood was chiefly brought from Old Krim, and was very dear: the winters he complained of, as very cold. Corn is very dear, and comes chiefly from the Don. Animal food is not so plentiful as I should have supposed. A young man, who was employed to buy stores for Mr. Eaton the contractor, stated the price of beef, in the market of Kaffa, to be ten or fifteen copecks the pound, or sometimes more, and the supply irregular. About three miles from Kaffa is a small village of German colonists, who were very poor and desponding: the number might be twelve families, who were then on their farms, the rest having gone into service, or to sea. General Fanshaw, to whom we had a letter, was at Petersburg; so that I am unable to give so good an account of Kaffa as if I had the means of deriving information from him. His object

was to establish a Bank at Kaffa, and finally to arrange the intercourse with the Don, by way of Arabat. The merchants of Kaffa were, as usual, excessively sanguine, and confident of the success of their scheme; and we heard a direct contrary story to the one we were taught at Taganrog. We could not learn whether Arabat had a safe harbour: the road from Kaffa thither is level, and, if necessary, a railroad might be put up at no great expense, as it would come by water from Lugan. The bay off Kaffa is rather exposed to the south-east, but we were assured they had very seldom high winds from that quarter, and that accidents had been never known to happen. A small vessel, of the kind which Russia fitted out in numbers during the Turkish war, with one mast and a vast lateen sail, was lying in the harbor, to take a Scotchman, named Macmaster, to Immeretta, where, and at Trebizond, he was to act as a sort of consul to an association which had just opened a trade there. At Kaffa we obtained an order from the government for horses from the Tahtar villages, at the rate of two copecks a verst per horse. The order was in Turkish: the date was explained

to us, "From our *healthy* city of Kaffa;" which I conclude was its ancient distinction. The elder, or constable, of each village is named "Ombaska;" but I write the Tahtar words from ear only. The road is not interesting till after you have past Old Krim; though there is a gradual improvement in the cultivation. Old Krim, we were told, is so called, because the Tahtars believe it to have been the ancient capital of the Peninsula. It is now a village of fifty houses at most, inhabited entirely by Armenians; but the Mohammedan ruins are extensive: there are three mosques, and what appears to have been a bath. The neighbouring peasants are all 'Tahtars.'

'Batchiserai is entirely inhabited by Tahtars, Jews, and Armenians, and is the most populous place we saw in the Crimea. It has several mosques, besides a very fine one in the seraglio, with two minarets, the mark of royalty. There are some decent sutlers' shops, and some manufactories of felt earpets, and one of red and yellow leather. The houses are almost universally of wood and ill-baked bricks, with wooden piazzas, and shelving roofs of red tile. There is a new church,

dedicated to St. George ; but the most striking feature is the palace, which though neither large nor regular, yet, by the picturesque style of its architecture, its carving and gilding, its Arabic and Turkish inscriptions, and the fountains of beautiful water in every court, interested me more than I can express. The apartments, except the Hall of Justice, are low and irregular. In one are a number of bad paintings, representing different views of Constantinople ; and, to my surprise, birds were pictured flying, in violation of the Mohammedan prohibition to paint any animal. It is kept in tolerable repair ; and the divans in the best rooms are still furnished with cushions. One apartment, which was occupied by the Empress Catherine, is fitted up in a paltry ball-room manner, with chandeliers, &c. and forms an exception to the general style. The Harem is a mean building, separated from the other apartments by a small walled garden, and containing a kitchen, with six or eight small and mean bed-rooms, each of which (as we were told by our guide, who was a Jew, and remembered it in the time of the Khans) was usually occupied by two ladies. In the

garden is a large and delightful kiosk, surrounded by lattice-work, with a divan round the inside, the centre paved with marble, and furnished with a fountain. The word *Serai* or *Seraglio*, which is given to this range of buildings, seems, in the Tahtar and Turkish language, to answer to all the significations of our English word *Court* ; being applied indifferently to the yard of an inn or the inclosure of a palace.'

'The valley of Baidar belongs to Admiral Mardvinof ; but his possession was contested when we were there, and the rents were paid to government, in deposit. Many of the Russian proprietors of the Crimea were in the same condition, owing to the following circumstance, as they were represented to me by a young man, named the Count de Rochefort, who was nephew to the Duke of Richelieu. Under the terrors of conquest, the Tahtar proprietors made little opposition to the grants which were made of their lands ; but now that they are again in some measure restored to their rights, such as did not come properly under the description of emigrants have commenced processes to obtain a reversion of their

forfeitures, which was a very unexpected blow to their masters. The Russians, since the conquest, have established their abominable code of slavery; but not on so rigid a footing as in their own country. Two days a week, we understood from Pallas, is all the work a Tahtar is obliged to do, gratis for his lord; and the Russians complain heavily of their idleness. The Mountaineers are almost all either entirely freeholders, or on the footing of peasants of the crown. The number of Russian residents in the Crimea is reduced greatly. Some have taken alarm at the tenure of their lands; others have sustained great losses by their slaves running away, some of whom are received and concealed by the Kuban Cossacks; which however is now prevented by the Duke of Richelieu's government, which includes the whole country up to Caucasus and the Caspian.

‘The forests in this tract are not of a very lofty growth: firs, however, and some oaks are found, and magnificent walnut-trees. The Tahtars in the spring, when the sap is rising, pierce the walnut trees, and put in a spigot for some time. When this is withdrawn, a clear

sweet liquor flows out, which, when coagulated, they use as sugar. In different places we saw a few cypress-trees, growing in the burial-grounds : they were pointed out to us as rarities, and brought from Stamboul. On the plains above the sea-coast are some fine olive-trees. Lombardy-poplars abound everywhere, and are very beautiful.

‘ At Koslof, or Eupatoria, I remember nothing interesting : but in the desert near it, we saw some parties of the Nogay Tahtars, and had an opportunity of examining their kibitkas, which are shaped something like a bee-hive, consisting of a frame of wood covered with felt, and placed upon wheels. They are smaller and more clumsy than the tents of the Kal-mucks, and do not, like them, take to pieces. In the Crimea, they are more used for the occasional habitation of the shepherd, than for regular dwellings. We saw a great many buffaloes and camels : several of the latter we met drawing in the two-wheeled carts described before, a service for which I should have thought them not so well adapted as for bearing burthens ; and although “ *a chariot of camels* ” is mentioned by Isaiah, I do not remem-

ber having heard of such a practice elsewhere. The plain of Koslof is hardly elevated above the sea, and fresh water is very scarce and bad.'

Crossing the Isthmus of Perekop, Mr. Heber thus records his general views as to the Tahtar (or Tartar) population of the Crimea, and the neighbouring districts :—

'At Perekop are only one or two houses, inhabited by the postmaster and custom-house officers ; and a little barrack. The famous wall is of earth, very lofty, with an immense ditch. It stretches in a straight line from sea to sea, without any remains of bastions or flanking towers, that I could discover. The *Golden Gate* is narrow, and too low for an English wagon. *Golden*, among the Tah-tars, seems synonymous with *Royal*; and thus we hear of the *Golden* horde, the *Golden* tent, &c. Colonel Symes mentions the same manner of expression in Ava ; so that I suppose it is common all over the East. There is only one well at Perekop, the water of which is brackish and muddy. A string of near two hundred kibitkas were passing, laden with salt, and drawn by oxen : they were driven by-

Malo-Russians, who had brought corn into the Crimea, and were returning with their present cargo. White or clarified salt is unknown in the south of Russia ; it appears, even on the best tables, with the greater part of its impurities adhering, and consequently quite brown. Kibitkas, laden with this commodity, form a kind of caravan. They seldom go out of their way for a town or village, but perform long journeys ; the drivers only sheltered at night on the lee-side of their carriages, and stretched on the grass. During the independence of the Crimea, (an old officer told me,) these people were always armed, and travelled without fear of the Tahtars, drawing up their wagons every night in a circle, and keeping regular sentries. We here, with great regret, quitted the Crimea and its pleasing inhabitants : it was really like being turned out of Paradise, when we abandoned those beautiful mountains, and again found ourselves in the vast green desert, which had before tired us so thoroughly ; where we changed olives and cypresses, clear water and fresh milk, for reeds, long grass, and the drainings of marshes, only made not poisonous by being mixed with

brandy : and when, instead of a clean carpet at night, and a supper of eggs, butter, honey, and sweetmeats, we returned to the seat of our carriage, and the remainder of our old cheese.

‘Pallas has properly distinguished the two distinct races of Tahtars, the Nogays and the Mountaineers. These last, however, appeared to me to resemble in their persons the Turks and the Tahtars of Kostroma and Yaroslaf.—They are fair and handsome people, like the Tahtars in the north of Russia, given to agriculture and commerce, and here, as well as there, decidedly different from the Nogays, or other Mongul tribes. The Nogays, however, in the Crimea, appear to have greatly improved their breed by intermarriages with the original inhabitants, being much handsomer and taller than those to the north of the Golden Gate. The Mountaineers have large bushy beards when old; the Tahtars of the Plain seldom possess more than a few thin hairs. The Mountaineers are clumsy horsemen, in which they resemble the northern Tahtars. Their neighbours ride very boldly, and well. I had an opportunity of seeing two Nogay shepherd

boys, who were galloping their horses near Koslof, and who showed an agility and dexterity which were really surprising. While the horse was in full speed, they sprang from their seats, stood upright on the saddle, leaped on the ground, and again into the saddle ; and threw their whips to some distance, and caught them up from the ground. What was more remarkable, we ascertained that they were merely shepherds, and that these accomplishments were not extraordinary. Both Mountaineers and shepherds are amiable, gentle, and hospitable, except where they have been soured by their Russian masters. We never approached a village at night-fall, where we were not requested to lodge ; or in the daytime, without being invited to eat and drink : and, while they were thus attentive, they uniformly seemed careless about payment, even for the horses they furnished ; never counting the money, and often offering to go away without it. They are steady in refusing Russian money ; and it is necessary to procure a sufficient stock of usluks, paras, and sequins. This is not their only way of showing their dislike to their new masters : at one village we were

surprised at our scanty fare, and the reluctance with which every thing was furnished, till we learnt that they had mistaken us for Russian officers. On finding that we were foreigners, the eggs, melted butter, nardek, and bekness, came in profusion. General Bardakoff told us they were fond of talking politics : when we addressed them on this subject, they were reserved, and affected an ignorance greater than I thought likely or natural. Pallas complained of them as disaffected, and spoke much of their idleness. Yet their vineyards are very neatly kept, and carefully watered ; and, what is hardly a sign of indolence, their houses, clothes, and persons, are uniformly clean. But his account seemed to me by no means sufficiently favourable. They are, I apprehend, a healthy race ; but we met one instance where a slight wound had, by neglect, become very painful and dangerous. On asking what remedies they had for diseases, they returned a remarkable answer : “ We lay down the sick man on a bed ; and, if it please God, he recovers. Allah Kerim ! ” Their women are concealed, even more (the Duke of Richelieu said) than the

wives of Turkish peasants ; and are greatly agitated and distressed if seen, for a moment, without a veil. Like the men, they have very fair and clear complexions, with dark eyes and hair, and aquiline noses. Among the men were some figures which might have served for models of a Hercules ; and the Mountaineers have a very strong and nimble step in walking. An Imaum, who wears a green turban, and who is also generally the school-master, is in every village. Not many, however, of the peasants could read or write ; and they seemed to pay but little attention to the regular hours of prayer.'

At Cherson he visits the tomb of *the Benevolent Howard*.—'Cherson,' says he, 'is gradually sinking into decay, from the unhealthiness of its situation, and still more from the preference given to Odessa. Yet timber, corn, hemp, and other articles of exportation, are so much cheaper and more plentiful here, that many foreign vessels still prefer this port, though they are obliged by government first to perform quarantine, and unload their cargoes at Odessa. Corn is cheap and plentiful, but timber much dearer than in the north, as

the cataracts of the Dnieper generally impede its being floated down. There is a noble forest which we saw in Podolia, not far from the Bog, a beautiful river, unencumbered by cataracts; but as some land-carriage would be necessary, it is as yet almost "*intacta securi.*" The arsenal at Cherson is extensive and interesting: it contains a monument to Potemkin, its founder. Two frigates and a seventy-four were building; on account of the bar, they are floated down to the Liman on camels as at Petersburg. Nothing can be more dreary than the prospect of the river, which forms many streams, flowing through marshy islands, where the masts of vessels are seen rising from amid brush-wood and tall reeds. In these islands are many wild boars, which are often seen swimming from one to the other. No foreign merchants of any consequence remain here: those who transact business at this court, do it by clerks and supercargoes. My information respecting Cherson was chiefly from a Scotchman named Geddes. The Tomb of Howard is in the desert, about a mile from the town: it was built by Admiral Mordvinof, and is a small brick pyramid,

white-washed, but without any inscription. He himself fixed on the spot of his interment. He had built a small hut on this part of the *steppe*, where he passed much of his time, as the most healthy spot in the neighbourhood. The English burial service was read over him by Admiral Priestman, from whom I had these particulars. Two small villas have been built at no great distance; I suppose also from the healthiness of the situation, as it had nothing else to recommend it. Howard was spoken of with exceeding respect and affection, by all who remembered or knew him, and they were many.'

Of all the unfortunate noblemen exiled from France by the horrors of the revolution, none made a nobler use of his time and talents than the Duke de Richelieu; who, entering into the service of Russia, became governor of the Crimea, and remained there until the restoration of the Bourbons, in 1814. Of the place of his residence, Heber says:—

‘Odessa is a very interesting place; and being the seat of government, and the only quarantine allowed, except Caffa and Taganrog, is, though of very late erection, already

wealthy and flourishing. Too much praise cannot be given to the Duke of Richelieu, to whose administration, not to any natural advantages, this town owes its prosperity. The bay is good and secure, but all round is desert; and it labours under the want of a navigable river, and a great scarcity of fresh water. There are two wells in the town, both brackish; and a third, a very fine one, on the opposite side of the bay: a fourth had been just discovered when I was there, in the garden of an Italian merchant, and was talked of like a silver mine. All commodities are either brought in barks from Cherson, or drawn over the *steppe* by oxen, who were seen lying in the streets and on the new quay, greatly exhausted with thirst, and almost furious in their struggles to get at the water, when it was poured into the troughs. The situation of the town, however, is healthy and pleasant in other respects. The quarantine is large, and well-constructed.

‘As far as I could learn, (and I made many inquiries,) it was very bad policy to fix their quarantine at Odessa, instead of Otchakof, where was a city and fortress ready built, in a

situation perfectly secure from the Turks, and which, lying at the junction of the Bog and Dnieper, is the natural emporium of these seas. The harbour, I understand, is perfectly secure; and, even if the Liman were unsafe, the Bog affords a constant shelter. The observation generally made was, the necessity of a secure quarantine; to which it was answered, that the point of Kinburn afforded a situation even more secure than Odessa. If these facts are true, a wise government would probably, without discouraging Odessa, restore the quarantine to Otchakof, and allow them both to take their chance in a fair competition. This, however, seems little understood in Russia: Potemkin had no idea of encouraging Cherson, but by ruining Taganrog: and at present Cherson is to be sacrificed to the new favourite, Odessa.'

CHAPTER III.

Heber returns to England—takes orders—marries—and settles at Hodnet.

MR. HEBER returned to this country in 1807, and shortly afterwards took holy orders. The valuable living of Hodnet had been reserved for him since his father's death, and being now put into possession of it, he married Amelia, daughter of the late Dr. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph, and (to adopt the words of one of his friends) 'happy in the prospect of those domestic endearments which no man was more qualified to enjoy, settled himself in his rectory. In no scene of his life, perhaps, did his character appear in greater beauty than whilst he was living here, "seeing God's blessings spring out of his mother-earth, and eating his own bread in peace and privacy." His talents might have made him proud, but he was humble-minded as a child—eager to call forth the intellectual stores of others, rather than

to display his own—arguing without dogmatism, and convincing without triumph—equally willing to reason with the wise, or take a share in the innocent gaieties of a winter's fire-side; for it was no part of his creed that all innocent mirth ought to be banished from the parlours of a good man's dwelling; or that he is called upon to abstract himself from the refinements and civilities of life, as if sitting to Teniers for a picture of the Temptations of St. Anthony. The attentions he received might have made him selfish, but his own inclinations were ever the last he consulted; indeed, of all the features in his character this was, perhaps, the most prominent—that in him, *self* did not seem to be denied, to be mortified, but to be forgotten. His love of letters might have made him an inactive parish-priest, but he was daily amongst his parishioners, advising them in difficulties, comforting them in distress, kneeling, often to the hazard of his own life,* by their sick beds; exhorting, encouraging, reproving as he saw

* Heber was, on one occasion, brought to the brink of the grave by a typhus fever caught in this way.

need; where there was strife, the peacemaker; where there was want, the cheerful giver. Yet in all this there was no parade, no effort, apparently not the smallest consciousness that his conduct differed from that of other men—his duty seemed to be his delight, his piety an instinct. Many a good deed done by him in secret only came to light when he had been removed far away, and but for that removal would have been for ever hid—many an instance of benevolent interference where it was least suspected, and of delicate attention towards those whose humble rank in life is too often thought to exempt their superiors from all need of mingling courtesy with kindness. That he was sometimes deceived in his favourable estimate of mankind, it would be vain to deny; such a guileless, confiding, unsuspicious singleness of heart as his, cannot always be proof against cunning. But if he had not this worldly knowledge, he wanted it perhaps in common with most men of genius and virtue; the “wisdom of the serpent” was almost the only wisdom in which he did not abound.*

* Quarterly Review, No LXX.

‘He laboured to accommodate his instructions,’ says another witness, ‘to the comprehension of all; a labour by no means easy to a mind stored with classic elegance, and an imagination glowing with a thousand images of sublimity and beauty. He rejoiced to form his manners, his habits, and his conversation, to those who were entrusted to his care, that he might gain the confidence and affection of even the poorest among his flock; so that he might more surely win their souls to God, and finally, in the day of the last account, present every man faultless before His presenee with exceding joy. He was, above all, singularly happy in his visitation of the sick, and in administering consolation to those that mourned; and his name will long be dear, and his memory most precious, in the cottages of the poor, by whose sick beds he has often stood as a ministering angel.’

The following anecdote is taken from a recent number of the London Weekly Review:—

‘There was in the parish an old man who had been a notorious poacher in his youth, and through the combined influence of his irregular mode of life, drunken habits, and depraved as-

sociates, had settled down into an irreligious old age. He was a widower, had survived his children, shunned all society, and was rarely seen abroad. The sole inmate of his lonely cottage was a little grandchild, in whom were bound up all the sympathies of his rugged nature, and on whom he lavished the warmest caresses.

‘It was considered an unaccountable departure from his usual line of conduct when he permitted little Philip to attend the Rector’s school. “Why not?” was the old man’s reply; “d’ye think I wish Phil to be as bad as myself? *I’m black enough, God knows!*”

‘The old man was taken ill and confined to his room. It was winter. He was unable to divert his mind. His complaint was a painful one; and there was every probability that his illness might be of long continuance. A neighbour suggested that his little grandson should read to him. He listened at first languidly and carelessly; by and bye with some degree of interest; till at length his little grandchild became the means of fanning into a flame the faint spark of religious feeling which yet lingered in the old man’s breast.

‘He expressed a wish that Mr. Heber should visit him; and the good work which it pleased Providence youthful innocence should begin, matured piety was to carry on and complete. It was no ordinary spectacle. The old man lay upon his bed, in a corner of the room, near the trellised window. His features were naturally hard and coarse; and the marked lines of his countenance were distinctly developed by the strong light which fell upon them. Aged and enfeebled as he was, he seemed fully alive to what was passing around him; and I had leisure to mark the searching of his eye as he gazed, with the most intense anxiety, on his spiritual comforter, and weighed every word that fell from him. The simplicity in which Heber clothed every idea—the facility with which he descended to the level of the old man’s comprehension—the earnestness with which he strove not to be misunderstood—and the manner in which, in spite of himself, his voice occasionally faltered as he touched on some thrilling points of our faith, struck me forcibly; while Philip stood on the other side of the bed, his hand locked in his grandfather’s, his bright blue eye dimmed with tears as he

looked sadly and anxiously from one face to another, evidently aware that some misfortune awaited him, though unconscious to what extent.

‘ The old man died—died in a state of mind so calm, so subdued, so penitent and resigned, “ that I feel myself cheered in my labours,” said Heber, “ whenever I reflect upon it.” Heber himself officiated at the funeral. I shall never forget, I never wish to forget—if I were cast to-morrow on a desert island, it is one of the few things I should care to remember of the world I had left behind me—the air, the manner, the look, the expression of hope, and holy joy, and steadfast confidence, which lit up his noble countenance as he pronounced this passage of our magnificent ritual—“ O Father, raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness, that when we shall depart this life we may rest in thee, *as, our hope is, this our brother doth.*” ’

The same writer says—

‘ This air of gravity, which was very observable in early life, deepened as years rolled over him. In almost any other man it would have appeared artificial and unnatural. In him it

was neither. It was inherent in his character; it was part and parcel of the man; and it became him well. It was not the affected gravity of a recluse; nor the churlish gravity of a misanthrope; nor the gravity engendered by spiritual pride—"Stand apart, I am holier than thou"—nor the gravity so convenient to those who have very great pretensions and a very slender foundation on which to rest them; but the gravity of one who felt he had a heavy responsibility to discharge, and the most solemn obligations to fulfil.'

His sermons at Hodnet are characterized by the author of an article in the *Quarterly Review*, already quoted, as 'sometimes expanding into general views of the scheme and doctrines of Revelation, collected from an intimate acquaintance, not with commentators, but with the details of Holy Writ itself;—frequently drawing ingenious lessons for Christian conduct from the subordinate parts of a parable, a miracle, or a history, which a less imaginative mind would have overlooked;—often enlivened by moral stories, with which his multifarious reading supplied him; and occasionally by facts which had come, perhaps, under his observa-

tion, and which he thought calculated to give spirit or perspicuity to the truths he was imparting: a practice which, when judiciously restrained, is well adapted to secure the rustic hearer from the fate of Eutychus, without giving offence even to nicer brethren: of which the powerful effect is discoverable (though the figures may be grosser than the times would now admit) in the sermons of Latimer and the Reformers; subsequently, in those of Taylor and South; and still more recently, in the popular harangues of Whitfield and Wesley; and a practice, we will add, which derives countenance and authority from the use of parables in the preaching of our Lord.'

Of Heber's *language* in the pulpit the same critic says—'Polished it was, for such it was in his ordinary conversation, yet seldom above the reach of a country congregation, and sometimes (when there was a duty to be driven home) plainspoken to a degree for which few modern men would have had courage. Frequently it exhibited metaphors, bold, and even startling; and ever possessed a singular charm in the happy adoption of expressions from the pure and undefiled English of our Bible, with which his mind was thoroughly imbued.'

In the *Christian Observer* of 1811 Heber published the first specimens of his *Hymns*: prefixing the following modest and excellent account of his views in composing them.

‘The following Hymns are part of an intended series, appropriate to the Sundays, and principal holidays of the year; connected in in some degree with their particular Collects and Gospels, and designed to be sung between the Nicene Creed and the Sermon. The effect of an arrangement of this kind, though only partially adopted, is very striking in the Romish liturgy; and its place should seem to be imperfectly supplied by a few verses of a Psalm, entirely unconnected with the peculiar devotions of the day, and selected at the discretion of a clerk or organist. On the merits of the present imperfect essays the author is unaffectedly diffident; and as his labours are intended for the use of his own congregation, he will be thankful for any suggestion which may advance or correct them. In one respect, at least, he hopes the following poems will not be found reprehensible;—no fulsome or indecorous language has been knowingly adopted: no erotic addresses to Him whom no unclean lip can ap-

proach, no allegory ill understood, and worse applied. It is not enough, in his opinion, to object to such expressions that they are fanatical; they are positively profane. When our Saviour was on earth, and in great humility conversant with mankind; when he sat at the tables, and washed the feet, and healed the diseases of his creatures; yet did not his disciples give him any more familiar name than *Master* or *Lord*. And now at the right hand of his Father's majesty, shall we address him with ditties of embraces and passion, or language which it would be disgraceful in an earthly sovereign to endure? Such expressions, it is said, are taken from Scripture; but even if the original application, which is often doubtful, were clearly and unequivocally ascertained, yet, though the collective Christian church may very properly be personified as the spouse of Christ, an application of such language to individual believers is as dangerous as it is absurd and unauthorized. Nor is it going too far to assert, that the brutalities of a common swearer can hardly bring religion into more sure contempt, or more scandalously profane the Name which is above every name in heaven and earth,

than certain epithets applied to Christ in our popular collections of religious poetry.'

'Heber subsequently arranged these hymns, with some others by various writers, in a regular series adapted to the services of the Church of England throughout the year, and it was his intention to publish them soon after his arrival in India; but the arduous duties of his station left little time, during the short life there allotted to him, for any employment not immediately connected with his diocese. This arrangement of them has been published since his death.'

One of the most admired is that for

' SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS, OR THE
CIRCUMCISION.

' Lord of mercy and of might !
Of mankind the life and light !
Maker ! teacher infinite !
Jesus ! hear and save !

' Who, when sin's tremendous doom,
Gave Creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn the Virgin's womb,
Jesus ! hear and save !

' Mighty monarch ! Saviour mild !
Humbled to a mortal child,
Captive, beaten, bound, revil'd,
Jesus ! hear and save !

‘Throned above celestial things,
Borne aloft on angels’ wings,
Lord of lords, and King of kings !
Jesus ! hear and save !

‘Who shalt yet return from high,
Robed in might and majesty,
Hear us ! help us when we cry !
Jesus ! hear and save !’

But perhaps the most exquisite of them all
is the shortest.

VESPERS.

‘God that madest Earth and Heaven,
Darkness and light !
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night !
May thine angel guards defend us,
Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night !’

CHAPTER IV.

Poems published—Canon of St. Asaph—Bampton Lectures—Heber elected Preacher at Lincoln's Inn—Life of Jeremy Taylor.

IN the year 1812 Mr. Heber republished the Poems already mentioned, together with considerable additions, in a small volume, which soon obtained much popularity. 'From the original pieces of that volume,' (says a critic already quoted,) 'it would be easy to select thoughts of animation and of tenderness; but unless perhaps "The Passage of the Red Sea" (which is a noble copy of verses) should be excepted, nothing that, as a whole, comes up to the standard of Palestine. In the translations of Pindar which it contains, it may be doubted whether the deep-mouthed Theban is not made to speak too much after the manner of the great minstrel of Scotland; still they are executed with genuine spirit and elegance, and the rambling movements of an author, who, in his anxiety to escape from an Hiero or an

Agesias, is very apt to run riot and lose his way, are connected with no common success.'

After this publication, 'he withdrew,' (says the same writer,) 'almost entirely from a pursuit to which he was by temper strongly inclined, and devoted himself to the unobtrusive duties of the clerical office. Still, out of the fulness of his heart, or at the call of his friends, he would at intervals give proof that his hand had not forgot its cunning, however it might have hung up the harp; and a specimen will not displease our readers:—

“FAREWELL.

“When eyes are beaming
 What never tongue might tell,
 When tears are streaming
 From their crystal cell;
 When hands are linked that dread to part,
 And heart is met by throbbing heart,
 Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart
 Of them that bid farewell!

“When hope is chidden
 That fain of bliss would tell,
 And love forbidden
 In the breast to dwell;
 When fettered by a viewless chain,
 We turn and gaze, and turn again,
 Oh! death were mercy to the pain
 Of them that bid farewell!”—MS.

He was about this time appointed one of the Canons of St. Asaph, and in 1816 published his Lectures ‘On the Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter.

‘The Bampton Lectures which he published in 1816 established his reputation in the theological world; for, though many dissented from his views on some speculative points, every competent judge was compelled to do justice to the depth of learning, the variety of research, and the richness of illustration which those compositions displayed.’

The conclusion of the work thus characterized is an admirable specimen of the author’s style. After recapitulating the method which he had followed out, he thus sums up:—

‘Above all it has been mine aim to show that by the Comforter whom Christ foretold, and by those blessed aids which he has for Christ’s sake dispensed to mankind, the faithful of every age and nation are, no less than the Apostles themselves, infallibly conducted to that truth which is in Jesus: and that “for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness,” the Scripture of the last, no less than of the former covenant, is “given by the inspiration of God.”’

‘Nor do we expect, nor do we desire those further aids to knowledge and to holiness which the Romanists would seek for in the authority whether of their collective Church, or of a single ecclesiastical officer. To us it seems presumptuous and unreasonable, when a rule has been given by God himself, to go on demanding at his hands another and yet another criterion; to peer about, in the full blaze of sunshine, for the beams of a supplementary star; or to subject the inspiration of the immediate Apostles of our Lord to the authoritative decision of their, surely, less enlightened successors. But, neither in the ancient synagogue, nor in that primitive Church which the Messiah formed on its model, is any claim to be found, when their language is rightly apprehended, to a privilege so extraordinary as that of themselves interpreting the charter whence they derived their authority. In things indifferent, and in controversies between the brethren, the sentence of the Church was unquestionably binding on the conscience of all its members. But where God and man were parties, they could express their opinion only; and the most awful denunciation which they had it in their

power to utter, is a confession of their own ineompetency. The anathema, of which so formidable ideas are entertained, is in its very terms no other than an appeal to the final judgment of that Lord who shall hereafter come in glory; that Lord before whom, as before his proper Master, every individual must stand or fall; and whose laws must be applied by every individual for himself to his own case, and at his own exceeding peril.

‘ If, then, the Scriptures be, as these pretend, obscure, they are obscure to those who perish. No remedy was provided under the elder Covenant for those to whose instruction neither Moses nor the Prophets sufficed; nor does St. Peter in the New (though in a case where he admits the difficulty of God’s word) direct the ignorant and unstable to apply for further light to himself or his Roman successors. Nor, indeed, is it intelligible, even on the established principles of Popery, in what manner the rescripts of their Pontiff, and the decrees of their Council, could produce, any more than the ancient books of Scripture, the effects which they fondly ascribe to them. Unless the inspired interpreter were omnipresent as well as infalli-

ble, his edicts must, no less than every other composition, whether human or divine, be liable to perversion or cavil. If the secular arm be withdrawn, it may be suspected that the sentence of a council will not very greatly avail with those by whom the words of Peter or Paul are evaded or despised; nor will any solid satisfaction be afforded by the cumbrous mazes of the canonists and schoolmen, to those weak brethren who have already lost their way in the narrow compass of one little volume.

‘ But, in the essentials of salvation, and to those who sincerely desire to be taught of God, are the Scriptures really obscure? Let those bear witness, whom by these means alone, the Spirit of God has guided into all necessary truth! Let those bear witness who have fled from the perturbed streams of human controversy to this source of living water, whereof “if a man drink he shall never thirst again.” Let the mighty army of the faithful bear witness, who, believing no less than they find, and desiring to believe no more, have worshipped in simplicity of heart, from the earliest ages of the Messiah’s kingdom, the Father, the Son, and the comfortable Spirit of God! I do not,—

God forbid that I should in this place, and before so many of those who must hereafter unite their amplest stores both of classical and sacred learning in his cause from whom we have received all things!—I do not deny the efficacy, the propriety, the absolute necessity of offering our choicest gifts of every kind on the altar of that religion to whose ministry we are called, and of concentrating all the lights of history and science to the illustration of these wonderful testimonies. But, though, to illustrate and defend the faith, such aids are, doubtless, needful, the faith itself can spring from no other source than that volume which alone can make men wise to everlasting salvation, that engrafted word, which, though the ignorant and unstable may wrest it to their own destruction, is, to those who receive it with meekness and with faith, the wisdom and the power of God.

‘By this book the Paraclete has guided the Church into whatever truths the Church of Christ has, at any time, believed or known; by this book and the doctrine which it contains, he has convinced the world of sin, and justified the Son of Man from the malicious slanders of

his enemies; by this book he consoles us for the absence of our Lord, and instructs us in things to come; by this he reigns; where this is found his kingdom reaches also; by this weapon, proceeding from the mouth of God, shall the enemies of his Christ be at length extirpated from the world; and by this, it may be thought, as by the rule of God's approbation, shall the secrets of all hearts be, finally, made known, in that day when "whosoever is not found written in the book of life, shall be cast into the lake of fire."

'Wherefore, holy brethren, partakers of the spiritual gift, seeing that we have not followed after cunningly devised fables, let us, each in his station, abound in the labour of the Lord, diffusing as we may that saving knowledge, the possession of which alone could make it expedient for the disciples of Christ that their Master should depart and leave them! And let us pour forth, above all, our fervent prayers to that Almighty Spirit, who hath given us these holy records of his will, that, by his supporting grace, they may bring forth in us the fruit of holiness, and the harvest of life without end, through the mercies of the Father, the

merits of the Son, and the strong protection of the Comforter.'

It may be proper to mention, that the eight 'Divinity Sermons' preached annually before the University of Oxford, and thereafter printed, within two months of their delivery, are called the Bampton Lectures in consequence of their being so preached and printed at the charge of an estate bequeathed to the University by the Rev. John Bampton, sometime Canon of Salisbury ; and that the election to preach these discourses has always been considered as one of the highest compliments which the University can bestow on any of its clerical members. In Heber's case the compliment was singularly enhanced by the consideration of his youth, as compared with the age at which most of his predecessors had been appointed.

This high honour was followed by another ; namely, his election to be preacher at Lincoln's Inn. In this new character he had to reside a certain part of the year in London, and to deliver sermons in the presence of one of the most learned societies of the metropolis. His manner of acquitting himself in these func-

tions gave high gratification to the numerous friends with whom his intercourse was renewed in consequence of his partial removal of residence to London ; among whom we may mention the names of his contemporaries at Oxford, by this time eminent in public life, the Right Honourable Charles Williams Wynn, Charles Grant, and Robert Wilmot Horton, Robert Grant, Esq. M. P., Sir Robert Inglis, Bart., and the family of the Thorntons.

Except an article now and then in *The Quarterly Review*, and *The Christian Observer*, Mr. Heber had published nothing for several years, when, in 1822, he undertook to furnish a life of Jeremy Taylor, and a critical examination of his writings, for a new edition of the works of that great and good prelate. Heber's *Life of Taylor*, since published separately in two small volumes, is, as regards literary taste, one of the most classical productions of our times—and, in a religious point of view, one of the most solidly valuable. 'If it be compared,' (says one of his critics,) 'with the "Sermons on the Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter," it will be found that it is the work of

maturer knowledge, and a more chastised taste ; the style retaining the vigour, perhaps somewhat of the floridness, of former years, but without being complicated, ambitious, or constrained ; the matter exhibiting much thought, as well as ample reading, and setting forth, without reserve, the author's own views of most of the controverted points of church doctrine and discipline, which his subject naturally led him to pass in review. But the work derives a further interest from the evident sympathy with which his biographer (perhaps unconsciously) contemplates the life and writings of that heavenly-minded man:—Much, indeed, they had in common—a poetical temperament ; a hatred of intolerance ; great simplicity ; an abomination of every sordid and narrow-minded feeling ; an earnest desire to make religion practical instead of speculative : and faith, vivid in proportion to the vigour of high imagination.*

The following extract from the Life of Jeremy Taylor will, we doubt not, gratify all our readers, and stimulate the curiosity of those who have not as yet perused the work itself.

* Quarterly Review.

‘Of Taylor’s domestic habits and private character much is not known, but all which is known is amiable. “Love,” as well as “admiration,” is said to have “waited on him,” in Oxford. In Wales, and amid the mutual irritation and violence of civil and religious hostility, we find him conciliating, when a prisoner, the favour of his keepers, at the same time that he preserved, undiminished, the confidence and esteem of his own party. Laud, in the height of his power and full-blown dignity; Charles, in his deep reverses; Hatton, Vaughan, and Conway, amid the tumults of civil war; and Evelyn, in the tranquillity of his elegant retirement; seem alike to have cherished his friendship, and coveted his society. The same genius which extorted the commendation of Jeanes, for the variety of its research and vigour of its argument, was also an object of interest and affection with the young, and rich, and beautiful Katherine Philips; and few writers, who have expressed their opinions so strongly, and, sometimes, so unguardedly as he has done, have lived and died with so much praise and so little censure. Much of this felicity may be probably

referred to an engaging appearance and a pleasing manner ; but its cause must be sought, in a still greater degree, in the evident kindliness of heart, which, if the uniform tenour of a man's writings is any index to his character, must have distinguished him from most men living: in a temper, to all appearance warm, but easily conciliated; and in that which, as it is one of the least common, is of all dispositions the most attractive, not merely a neglect, but a total forgetfulness of all selfish feeling. It is this, indeed, which seems to have constituted the most striking feature of his character. Other men have been, to judge from their writings and their lives, to all appearance, as religious, as regular in their devotions, as diligent in the performance of all which the laws of God or man require from us ; but with Taylor his duty seems to have been a delight, his piety a passion. His faith was the more vivid in proportion as his fancy was more intensely vigorous; with him the objects of his hope and reverence were scarcely unseen or future ; his imagination daily conducted him to "diet with gods," and elevated him to the same height above the

world, and the same nearness to ineffable things, which Milton ascribes to his allegorical "cherub Contemplation."

' With a mind less accurately disciplined in the trammels and harness of the schools—less deeply imbued with ancient learning—less uniformly accustomed to compare his notions with the dictates of elder saints and sages, and submit his novelties to the authority and censure of his superiors—such ardour of fancy might have led him into dangerous errors ; or have estranged him too far from the active duties, the practical wisdom of life, and its dull and painful realities : and, on the other hand, his logic and learning—his veneration for antiquity and precedent—and his monastic notions of obedience in matters of faith as well as doctrine—might have fettered the energies of a less ardent mind, and weighed him down into an intolerant opposer of all unaccustomed truths, and, in his own practice, a superstitious formalist. Happily, however, for himself and the world, Taylor was neither an enthusiast nor a bigot : and, if there are some few of his doctrines from which our assent is withheld by the decisions of the church and the lan-

guage of Scripture,—even these (while in themselves they are almost altogether speculative, and such as could exercise no injurious influence on the essentials of faith or the obligations to holiness,) may be said to have a leaning to the side of piety, and to have their foundation in a love for the Deity, and a desire to vindicate his goodness, no less than to excite mankind to aspire after greater degrees of perfection.

‘ In the lessons which flow from this chair, in the incense which flames on this altar, the sound of worldly polemics is hushed, the light of worldly fires becomes dim. We see a saint in his closet, a Christian bishop in his ministry; and we rise from the intercourse impressed and softened with a sense how much our own practice yet needs amendment, and how mighty has been that faith of which these are the fruits, that hope of which these are the pledges and prelibations.

‘ Of the broader and more general lines of Taylor’s literary character, a very few observations may be sufficient. The greatness of his attainments, and the powers of his mind, are evident in all his writings, and to the least

attentive of his readers. It is hard to point out a branch of learning or of scientific pursuit to which he does not occasionally allude ; or any author of eminence, either ancient or modern, with whom he does not evince himself acquainted. And it is certain, that as very few other writers have had equal riches to display, so he is apt to display his stores with a lavish exuberance, which the severer taste of Hooker or of Barrow would have condemned as ostentatious, or rejected as cumbersome. Yet he is far from a mere reporter of other men's arguments,—a textuary of fathers and schoolmen,—who resigns his reason into the hands of his predecessors, and who employs no other instrument for convincing their readers than a lengthened string of authorities. His familiarity with the stores of ancient and modern literature is employed to illustrate more frequently than to establish his positions ; and may be traced, not so much in direct citation, (though of this, too, there is, perhaps, more than sufficient,) as in the abundance of his allusions, the character of his imagery, and the frequent occurrence of terms of foreign

derivation, or employed in a foreign and unusual meaning.

‘ On the other hand, few circumstances can be named which so greatly contribute to the richness of his matter, the vivacity of his style, and the harmony of his language, as those copious drafts on all which is wise or beautiful or extraordinary, in ancient writers or in foreign tongues ; and the very singularity and hazard of his phrases have not unfrequently a peculiar charm, which the observers of a tamer and more ordinary diction can never hope to inspire.

‘ It is on devotional and moral subjects, however, that the peculiar character of his mind is most, and most successfully, developed. To this service he devotes his most glowing language ; to this his aptest illustrations : his thoughts and his words at once burst into a flame, when touched by the coals of this altar ; and whether he describes the duties, or dangers, or hopes of man, or the mercy, power, and justice of the Most High ; whether he exhorts or instructs his brethren, or offers up his supplications in their behalf to the common Father of all:—his conceptions and his

expressions belong to the loftiest and most sacred description of poetry; of which they only want, what they cannot be said to need, the name and the metrical arrangement.

‘It is this distinctive excellence, still more than the other qualifications of learning and logical acuteness, which has placed him, even in that age of gigantic talent, on an eminence superior to any of his immediate contemporaries; which has exempted him from the comparative neglect into which the dry and repulsive learning of Andrews and Sanderson has fallen;—which has left behind the acuteness of Hales, and the imaginative and copious eloquence of Bishop Hall, at a distance hardly less than the cold elegance of Clark, and the dull good sense of Tillotson; and has seated him, by the almost unanimous estimate of posterity, on the same lofty elevation with Hooker and with Barrow.

‘Of such a triumvirate, who shall settle the precedence? Yet it may, perhaps, be not far from the truth, to observe that Hooker claims the foremost rank in sustained and classic dignity of style, in political and pragmatistical wisdom; that to Barrow the praise must be as-

signed of the closest and clearest views, and of a taste the most controlled and chastened ; but that in imagination, in interest, in that which more properly and exclusively deserves the name of genius, Taylor is to be placed before either. The first awes most, the second convinces most, the third persuades and delights most : and, (according to the decision of one whose own rank among the ornaments of English literature yet remains to be determined by posterity,) Hooker is the object of our reverence, Barrow of our admiration, and Jeremy Taylor of our love.'

This admirable piece of biography permanently placed Heber among the first of our modern writers.

CHAPTER V.

Heber invited to take upon him the Charge of the Church in India—he declines—and on further consideration accepts it—consecrated Bishop of Calcutta—address to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge—embarks for India—Voyage.

EARLY in 18²³ the news of the death of Dr. Middleton, Bishop of Calcutta, arrived in England ; and, chiefly through the instrumentality of his friend, Mr. Williams Wynn, the Preacher of Lincoln's Inn was invited to be his successor in that see. His situation, at the time when this proposal was made to him, has been thus sketched by one of his friends.

‘ Mr. Heber’s election as preacher at Lincoln’s Inn was a very flattering distinction, whether the character of the electors be considered, or the merits of his predecessor, or those of the distinguished persons before whom he was preferred ; valuable, moreover, as placing somewhat more “in oculis civium” a man intended by nature for a less obscure station than that which he had for years been

filling,—though assuredly that was one which he, had it been so ordained, would have continued to fill to his dying day, without any querulous suspicion that he had fallen on evil times when merit is overlooked, and talent suffered to spend itself on an unworthy field.

‘ Thus usefully and happily was he engaged;—in town, occupying an honourable and important situation, and with easy access to men of letters, of whom the capital must ever be the resort;—in the country, inhabiting a parsonage, built by himself in a situation which he had selected, in the neighbourhood of most of his kindred, amidst friends who loved and revered him, and in a parish where none would have desired a greater satisfaction than to have done him a service;—when he was summoned from scenes where, to use a beautiful expression of Warburton’s, “ he had hung a thought upon every thorn,” to take upon himself the government of the church in India.

‘ What his struggles at that moment were, those who were near him at the time know well. How could such a man contemplate such a charge without some self-distrust? How could he give up his country without a

pang? How could he look forward to an Indian climate without apprehension—not, indeed, for himself, (for of himself he was ever prodigal,) but for his wife and child? Still a splendid opportunity of usefulness was offered him; and accustomed as he was, in a degree quite characteristic, to recognize the superintending hand of Providence in all the lesser events of life, it was not to be expected that, in one of the nature and magnitude of this, he would see it no longer. After much deliberation he refused the appointment, not however without some misgiving of heart: he shortly after withdrew his refusal, and was then satisfied that he had acted right. Secular minds may look, and have looked, for the secular motives which might have actuated him; but, in truth,—

He heard a voice they could not hear,
Which said, no longer stay;
He saw a hand they could not see,
Which beckoned him away.’

The nature of the duty to which he had been called, is thus sketched by the same writer.

“If God has no need of human *learning*,”

retorted South on the Puritans of his day, "still less has he need of human *ignorance*:" and too truly has this been seen in much of the history of the attempts to Christianise the East. A sanguine spirit has gone forth thither, expecting ends without means—hailing the most equivocal symptoms as infallible signs of conversion—prompting replies to the listless heathen, and then recording those parrot-words as spontaneous tokens of grace. To every sentence which one of the missionaries addressed to a man before him, covered with cow-dung, he received as an answer, "Nisam!" (most certain!) pronounced with great gravity, and accompanied by a sober nod of the head. "I was much cheered," says the worthy teacher, "by his approving so cordially the doctrines of salvation:"—and if here the questions had ended, this man would have had as good right to be enrolled amongst the lists of converted heathens as many more; but, unluckily, it was further asked, "How old are you?" "How long have you been Sunyasee?"—to which he replied, with the same emphasis as before, "Nisam! Nisam!" The missionary should ever be on his guard

against exciting the suspicions of the people of England that his work is hollow and unsound,—he should be slow to claim conquests which cool-headed men at home may think his desultory mode of warfare not likely to achieve. The people of England are not ignorant of the boasts of the Roman Catholic teachers in the same field; as many as they could baptize (and in some countries they are said to have made short work of it, by swinging a besom) were registered as converts, and reported as living proofs of their amazing success. And we all know what has been the consequence. Of late years, however, and especially amongst the Protestant missions of our own church, far greater caution has been observed; and now (except, perhaps, in a few instances where the native catechists recommend to the missionaries candidates for baptism, for whose competency they are themselves the vouchers) a degree of hesitation is felt about admitting to this rite, that some may think, and perhaps justly think, more than even prudence demands. That error, however, if error it be, is on the right side.

‘Already, by all who do not wish to be blind,

some symptoms of progress may be traced. Till within these few years, the reluctance of the Brahmins to communicate the contents of their sacred books was insuperable; now every European, who has the curiosity, is permitted to look into those mysteries, and acquaint himself with what a Hindoo professes, which will often furnish not the worst arguments against what he practises. Martyn durst not introduce into his schools his version of the parables, and acquiesced, of necessity, in the use of a Hindoo poem on an avatar of Vishnu, which had no other merit than that of being unintelligible to the children: but at this day the Gospels are freely read, as far as the teachers think fit to impart them; boys of all ranks, from the Brahmin to the Soodra, are assembled together, under the same roof; and places are won and lost in the classes without any reference to caste or colour. When one of the church missionaries was first appointed to the school at Burdwan, not a boy would consent to abide on the same premises with him; by degrees they were induced to become more familiar—at length to attend worship—and at last (except during the holidays) to re-

main with him altogether. At Badagamme, in Ceylon, we are told that the children of different castes may be seen seated on mats, eating and drinking together, with the utmost apparent good-will;—a novel spectacle, even in that island of promise. It is not more than five or six years ago since the project for educating females in India was reckoned hopeless; now, upwards of thirty girls' schools are in activity at Calcutta alone. At Mirzapore, where a chapel has been established for Bengalee preaching, the congregation changes several times perhaps during a sermon, as the curiosity or patience of the hearers becomes exhausted; nor is it a symptom of small importance that, whilst few old people are observed there, the young are always to be found in considerable numbers. We are told by Colonel Phipps, (who resided several months near Juggernaut, and was present at the great annual festival,) that the practice which but recently prevailed, of enticing pilgrims to cast themselves under the wheels of the car, has now ceased; that the disgusting images with which it was decorated have been removed, and that the *outer* walls of the temple are

purged of the like emblems of impurity. "Where there is shame," says Johnson, "there may in time be virtue."

'Caste is undoubtedly the great obstacle to the conversion of the East, but it is not an insurmountable obstacle. It existed, with many other Indian peculiarities of the present day, before the age of Arrian; yet Christianity made its way on the coast of Malabar in spite of it. Certain it is, also, that many natives in our own times have actually courted baptism, and thereby broken caste, even where the caste was honourable; and that more have been prevented from taking the same step, by the importunate entreaties of parents and friends, seconded, in some cases, by the disinterested recommendations of the missionaries themselves. It is not, indeed, by any measure which "cometh of observation" that a death-blow can be dealt to this deep-rooted institution; but time and Christianity will do the work in peace. Thus it is that slavery, in almost all Christian countries, has disappeared, no man knowing when or how—not by the triumphant issue of a servile war, not by any sudden measures of legislative eman-

cipation,—but through the operation of the eternal laws of social progress fixed by Providence, and especially, as we cannot but believe, by the slow yet sure operation of that very principle which is now beginning to work in India. Thus it is that witchcraft, which so few generations back held firm possession of the faith of our forefathers, and against which even the lofty mind of a Sir Matthew Hale was not proof, has been quietly laid to sleep. What prejudice of caste could be stronger than the principle of *religious intolerance* in our own country three centuries ago, when even Cranmer could sully his fair fame by one miserable, though, no doubt, most conscientious compliance with it; and what is, perhaps, more remarkable, when, in a subsequent age, and after the tempest of the reformation had well nigh subsided, even the amiable Bishop Jewell could breathe the temper which spake in James and John at the Samaritan village, in one solitary sentence of his immortal Apology? But years rolled on, and the better spirit was silently prevailing. Through Hooker, who now appeared, its advance may be traced; though his writings

(which, however, are of a defensive rather than an aggressive character) occasionally deal out blows against the captious adversaries of the church which he revered, with an asperity savouring more of the times than the man, yet never would they deliver over an heretical offender to the secular arm; and, in the next century, toleration was openly and professedly abetted in a work, which, as it was the first, so it remains the ablest, vindication of the cause—"The Liberty of Prophesying."—With these and many more such instances before us, we cannot but look forward to the time when Brahmin and Soodra shall have the relation to each other of gentleman and peasant, and no other—and this the more confidently, because there is good reason to believe that caste is as much a civil as a religious institution,—as much founded upon convenience as upon conscience.

‘Such a consummation the establishment of a national church among our own countrymen scattered over India was eminently calculated to advance; and in selecting the founder of that church, (a matter of no small importance to its future fortunes,) a most sound judgment

was exercised. The hints for his conduct in India, which Dr. Middleton committed to writing whilst on ship-board, and which are given in Archdeacon Bonney's Life of him, are worthy of all praise ; and to that spirit of piety which influenced him, both in the acceptance and discharge of his high functions, were added, talents for business, and a practical wisdom, which enabled him to struggle with difficulties that would have overwhelmed a mind of a different construction, and to devise measures and regulations of ecclesiastical polity for the infant church, under which, by God's blessing, it will for ever prosper. Still his firmness (and few men had more) was not unfrequently put to the proof. The appointment of a bishop at all was considered by many a dangerous experiment ; and perhaps a jealousy of investing him with too ample powers was the natural consequence. It must, for example, have been vain to expect that a knowledge of Christianity should be diffused on any great scale, without the liberal help of native preachers, over such a country as India—more especially when the civil government cannot, for obvious reasons, give more than

their best wishes to the work. The history of our own Reformation (were not the reason of the thing enough) might have established this truth ; and whilst Wales, and the Norman Isles, where the new doctrines were taught by ministers of their own, became speedy and sincere converts to those doctrines, Ireland, which was visited by English instructors only, —men whose speech was strange and offensive to the great majority of the inhabitants,—never was made fully acquainted with the reformed faith ; and so, that critical day being suffered to pass unimproved, has entailed upon the sister-kingdoms, in our own times, a melancholy division of heart. The privilege, nevertheless, of ordaining native Christians was withheld from Dr. Middleton ; and though he subsequently sued for it under restrictions, it was still denied to him. On trial, however, it was found that a bishop had not been nearly so mischievous as had been apprehended. No rebellion had followed his appointment ; the rupees had continued to drop as fast as before into the Company's treasury : and accordingly, one of the first acts of Dr. Middleton's successor was to ordain a native Christian. Nor

was this the only thorn in the side of our first Indian bishop. It may be gathered from his two latter charges, how much he suffered from the divisions which he saw amongst the people, and that the want of unity in church doctrine and discipline afforded him a subject of severe mortification—of mortification proportioned to the strength of his reasonable conviction that every departure from the tenets of the church of England was a departure from sound faith and primitive practice. Baptists, Independents, Wesleyan Methodists and Presbyterians were all struggling for precedence ; and the poor heathen lookers-on might well be perplexed with unnecessary difficulties when they perceived that the Christian doctors themselves agreed in nothing but in mutual accusations of error. Having borne up, however, against these difficulties as few men could have done ; and having wielded the powers of a bishop for nearly nine years, with a wisdom that has procured for him the admiration of all lovers of our church, this excellent man was gathered to his fathers, and succeeded by Reginald Heber :’—(on whom, at the same period, the University of Oxford conferred the degree of Doctor in Divinity by diploma.)

‘I can say with confidence,’ writes he about this time, ‘that I have acted for the *best* ; and even now that the die is cast, I feel no regret for the resolution I have taken, nor any distrust of the mercies and goodness of Providence, who may protect both me and mine, and, if He sees best for us, bring us back again, and preserve our excellent friends to welcome us. For England, and the scenes of my earliest and dearest recollections, I know no better farewell than that of Philoctetes :—

“ Χαῖρ’ ὦ πέδον ἀμφιάλον,
 καὶ μὲν εὐπλοία πέμψον ἀμέμπτως,
 ἔνθ’ ἡ μεγάλη μοῖρα κομίζει,
 γνώμη τε φίλων. χῶ πανδαμάτωρ
 Δαίμων, ὃς ταῦτ’ ἐπέκρανεν.”

Yet a far better farewell than this was his own ; for having returned to Hodnet for a few weeks to settle his affairs before his final departure, on Sunday, 20th of April, 1823, he preached his last sermon there, the effect of which those who read it may partly conjecture—those who heard it (we are told) will never forget. It was printed at the earnest request of the congregation, and as the copies were

few, and the circulation local, it may not probably have fallen into the hands of many of our readers : we take advantage, therefore, of a second edition which has just been published, to introduce a passage or two from it to their notice. Having spoken in general of the vanity of fixing the affections on a world where every thing is fleeting, to the neglect of that Being who alone is for ever the same, he proceeds—

‘My ministerial labours among you must have an end : I must give over into other hands the task of watching over your spiritual welfare ; and many, very many, of those with whom I have grown up from childhood, in whose society I have passed my happiest days, and to whom it has been, during more than fifteen years, my duty and my delight (with such ability as God has given me) to preach the gospel of Christ, must, in all probability, see my face in the flesh no more. Under such circumstances, and connected with many who now hear me by the dearest ties of blood, of friendship, and of gratitude, some mixture of regret is excusable, some degree of sorrow is holy. I cannot, without some anxiety for the

future, forsake, for an untried and arduous field of duty, the quiet scenes where, during so much of my past life, I have enjoyed a more than usual share of earthly comfort and prosperity ; I cannot bid adieu to those, with whose idea almost every recollection of past happiness is connected, without many earnest wishes for their welfare, and (I will confess it) without some severe self-reproach that, while it was in my power, I have done so much less than I ought to have done, to render that welfare eternal. There are, indeed, those here who know, and there is *One*, above all, who knows better than any of you, how earnestly I have desired the peace and the holiness of His church ; how truly I have loved the people of this place ; and how warmly I have hoped to be the means, in his hand, of bringing many among you to glory. But I am at this moment but too painfully sensible that in many things, yea in all, my performance has fallen short of my principles ; that neither privately nor publicly have I taught you with so much diligence as now seems necessary in my eyes : nor has my example set forth the doctrines in which I have, however imperfectly,

instructed you ; yet, if my zeal has failed in steadiness, it never has been wanting in sincerity. I have expressed no conviction which I have not deeply felt ; have preached no doctrine which I have not steadfastly believed : however inconsistent my life, its leading object has been your welfare ; and I have hoped, and sorrowed, and studied and prayed for your instruction, and that you might be saved. For my labours, such as they were, I have been indeed most richly rewarded, in the uniform affection and respect which I have received from my parishoners ; in their regular and increasing attendance in this holy place, and at the table of the Lord ; in the welcome which I have never failed to meet in the houses both of rich and poor ; in the regret (beyond my deserts, and beyond my fullest expectations) with which my announced departure has been received by you ; in your expressed and repeated wishes for my welfare and my return ; in the munificent token of your regard, with which I have been this morning honoured ;*

* A piece of plate had been given to Mr. Heber by his parishoners

in your numerous attendance on the present occasion, and in those marks of emotion which I witness around me, and in which I am myself well nigh constrained to join. For all these, accept such thanks as I can pay—accept my best wishes—accept my affectionate regrets—accept the continuance of the prayers which I have hitherto offered up for you daily, and in which, whatever and wherever my sphere of duty may hereafter be, my congregation of Hodnet shall (believe it !) never be forgotten.’

He then exhorts them, by various considerations, to mutual charity and good will; and continues in words which (long as our extract has already been) we know not how to withhold—

‘Would to God, indeed, I could hope to leave you all as truly at peace with each other, as I trust and believe there is peace between me and you! Yet if there be any here whom I have at any time offended, let me entreat his forgiveness, and express the hope that he has already forgiven me. If any who thinks he has done me wrong (I know of none,) let him be assured that the fault, if it were one, is not

only forgiven, but forgotten; and let me earnestly entreat you all, as it may be the last request which I shall ever make, the last advice which I shall ever offer to you—little children, love one another and forgive one another, even as God, for Christ's sake, hath loved and forgiven you.'

Having thus taken leave of a parish where he still signified a hope that he might lay his bones, he hastened again to town to receive imposition of hands, and then depart—

'My consecration (he writes to a friend in the country) is fixed for next Sunday; and as the time draws near, I feel its awfulness very strongly—far more, I think, than the parting which is to follow a fortnight after. I could wish (he adds) to have the prayers of my old congregation, but know not well how to express the wish in conformity with custom, or without seeming to court notoriety.'

A special general meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge was now called, and a valedictory address to him, pronounced, in the name of that venerable body, by the Bishop of Bristol; an address only yielding in beauty (if it does yield) to the reply

which it produced—the one dignified, impressive, affectionate—the other glowing with all the natural eloquence of excited feelings.

‘My Lord,’ said the excellent Bishop of Bristol, ‘The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge desire to offer to your Lordship their sincere congratulations upon your elevation to the Episcopal See of Calcutta.

‘They derivé from your appointment to this high office the certain assurance, that all the advantages which they have anticipated from the formation of a Church establishment in India, will be realized; and that the various plans for the diffusion of true religion among its inhabitants, which have been so wisely laid, and so auspiciously commenced by your lamented predecessor, will, under your superintendence and control, advance with a steady and uninterrupted progress. They ground this assurance upon the rare union of intellectual and moral qualities which combine to form your character. They ground it upon the steadfastness of purpose with which, from the period of your admission into the ministry, you have exclusively dedicated your time and talents to the peculiar studies of your sacred profession;

abandoning that human learning in which you had already shown that you were capable of attaining the highest excellence, and renouncing the certain prospect of literary fame. But, above all, they ground this assurance upon the signal proof of self-devotion which you have given by your acceptance of the episcopal office. With respect to any other individual, who had been placed at the head of the Church Establishment in India, a suspicion might have been entertained that some worldly desire, some feeling of ambition, mingled itself with the motives by which he was actuated; but, in your case, such a suspicion would be destitute even of the semblance of truth: every enjoyment which a well-regulated mind can derive from the possession of wealth, was placed within your reach; every avenue to professional distinction and dignity, if these had been the objects of your solicitude, lay open before you. What then was the motive which could incline you to quit your native land?—to exchange the delights of home for a tedious voyage to distant regions?—to separate yourself from the friends with whom you had conversed from your earliest years? What, but

an ardent wish to become the instrument of good to others—a holy zeal in your Master's service—a firm persuasion that it was your bounden duty to submit yourself unreservedly to his disposal; to shrink from no labour which he might impose, to count no sacrifice hard which he might require?

In his reply the Bishop expressed 'the settled purpose of his soul,' to devote his best talents 'to the great cause in which all their hearts were engaged, and for which it was not their duty only, but their illustrious privilege to labour,' and that he looked forward with pleasure to 'the time when he should be enabled to preach to the natives of India in their own language.'

'On Monday, 16th June, 1823,' (says the writer previously quoted) 'Dr. Heber embarked with his family a little below Gravesend, and, accompanied to the ship by many sorrowing friends, bade adieu to England for ever. Well it is that every great event in life, which does violence to the feelings, usually brings with it immediate demands upon our exertions, whereby the attention is diverted, and the grief subdued. On ship-board he found abundant

occupation in prosecuting the study of Hindostanee and Persian, which, independently of their prospective usefulness, he, as many others had done before him, found to be possessed of high interest and curiosity,—“as establishing beyond all doubt the original connection of the languages of India, Persia, and Northern Europe, and the complete diversity of these from the Hebrew and other Semitic languages. Those (he observes) who fancy the Persians and Indians to have been derived from Elam, the son of Shem, or from any body but Japheth, the first-born of Noah, and father of Gomer, Meshech, and Tubal, have, I am persuaded, paid no attention to the languages either of Persia, Russia, or Scandinavia. I have long had this suspicion, and am not sorry to find it confirmed by even the grammar of my new studies. If, in a year or two, (he exultingly adds,) I do not know them both (Hindostanee and Persian) at least as well as I do French and German, the fault, I trust, will be in my capacity, not in my diligence.”

‘One of his first thoughts after the ship had sailed, was to propose daily evening prayers, and he was gratified at the readiness with which

the captain assented to the proposal. He accordingly officiated as chaplain to the ship, reading prayers in the cuddy daily during the voyage. He read prayers and preached regularly once on each Sunday; and on one occasion, having on the previous Sunday discoursed to the passengers and crew, in the way of preparation, he administered the Lord's Supper, and was highly pleased; having been told to expect only one or two, that he had twenty-six or twenty-seven participants; and his gratification was much increased when he observed in the course of the evening of the same day, that "all the young men who had participated, had religious books in their hands, and that they appeared, indeed, much impressed."

'The following incidents are extracted from his journal of the voyage as tending to show the character of his feelings at this interesting crisis. A few days after they had left land, a vessel passed the ship homeward bound. On this event he remarks, "my wife's eyes swam with tears as this vessel passed us, and there were one or two of the young men who looked wishfully after her. For my own part, I am well convinced all my firmness would go, if I

allowed myself to look back, even for a moment. Yet, as I did not leave home and its blessings without counting the cost, I do not, and I trust in God, that I shall not, regret the choice I have made. But knowing how much others have given up for my sake, should make me more studious to make the loss less to them; and also, and above all, so to discharge my duty, as that they may never think that these sacrifices have been made in vain." Again; about a month after his departure, he writes—"How little did I dream at this time last year, that I should ever be in my present situation! How strange it now seems to me to recollect the interest which I used to take in all which related to southern seas and distant regions, to India and its oceans, to Australasia and Polynesia! I used to fancy I should like to visit them, but that I ever should, or could do so, never occurred to me. Now, that I shall see many of these countries, if life is spared to me, is not improbable. God grant that my conduct in the scenes to which he has appointed me may be such as to conduce to his glory, and to my own salvation through his Son." Such was the spirit in which this holy

man denied himself, took up his cross and followed Christ.'

' " *August 18.*—The same breeze, which has now increased to what seamen call a *strong gale*, with a high rolling sea from the south-west. Both yesterday and to-day we have had the opportunity of seeing no insufficient specimen of those gigantic waves of which I have often heard as prevailing in these latitudes. In a weaker vessel, and with less confidence in our officers and crew, they would be alarming as well as awful and sublime. But, in our case, seen as they are from a strong and well-found ship, in fine clear weather, and with good sea room, they constitute a magnificent spectacle, which may be contemplated with unmixed pleasure. I have hardly been able to leave the deck, so much have I enjoyed it, and my wife, who happily now feels very little inconvenience from the motion, has expressed the same feelings. The deep blue of the sea, the snow-white tops of the waves, their enormous sweep, the alternate sinking and rising of the ship, which seems like a plaything in a giant's hands, and the vast multitude of seabirds skimming round us, constitute a picture of the most exhilarating, as well as the most

impressive character; and I trust a better and holier feeling has not been absent from our minds, of thankfulness to Him who had thus far protected us, who blesses us daily with so many comforts beyond what might be expected in our present situation, and who has given us a passage, throughout the whole extent of the Atlantic, so unusually rapid and favourable.

“*September 18.*—This evening we had a most beautiful sunset—the most remarkable recollected by any of the officers or passengers, and I think the most magnificent spectacle I ever saw. Besides the usual beautiful tints of crimson, flame-colour, &c., which the clouds displayed, and which were strangely contrasted with the deep blue of the sea, and the lighter, but equally beautiful blue of the sky, there were in the immediate neighbourhood of the sinking sun, and for some time after his disc had disappeared, large tracts of a pale translucent green, such as I had never seen before except in a prism, and surpassing every effect of paint, or glass, or gem. Every body on board was touched and awed by the glory of the scene, and many observed, that such a spectacle alone was worth the whole voyage

from England. One circumstance in the scene struck me as different from all which I had been led to expect in a tropical sunset. I mean, that its progress from light to darkness was much more gradual than most travellers and philosophers have stated. The dip of the sun did not seem more rapid, nor did the duration of the tints on the horizon appear materially less than on similar occasions in England. Neither did I notice any striking difference in the continuance of the twilight. I pointed out the fact to Major Sackville, who answered that he had long been convinced that the supposed rapidity of sunrise and sunset in India had been exaggerated,—that he had always found a good hour between dawn and sunrise, and little less between sunset and total darkness.”’

CHAPTER VI.

India—Arrival in Calcutta—First Visitation.

‘ IN October, 1823,’ (says one of his friends) ‘ Heber landed in India, with a field before him that might challenge the labours of an apostle, and we will venture to say, with as much of the spirit of an apostle in him as has rested on any man in these latter days. It was now his anxious wish to compose, as far as in him lay, those unhappy religious dissensions of which we have already spoken ; and, without making any concession unbecoming a loyal and true lover of his own church, to set forth the necessity of humility and charity, Christian graces to which schism is so commonly fatal--and without which even the purest speculative opinions, can, after all, be worth nothing. For such a task as this, none who knew Dr. Heber at all, could deny that he was singularly well fitted. In a personal regard for himself, he was sure to bow the hearts of the people as the heart of one man. Is it

not according to our experience to believe, that the affections might have influenced the conclusions of the understanding, and that by his means many angry disputants might have been brought to think alike, and to think as our church directs them? With a further view to more general conformity, he, after a while, suggested to the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge the propriety of sending out (if possible) missionaries *episcopally* ordained, in order so far to obviate an unfavourable impression produced on the natives, who were at a loss what character to assign to ministers of the Gospel, whom those who supported and dispersed them were unwilling to admit to their own churches. Nor did he think such a measure unlikely to promote the influence of the Church of England (already very considerable) with the different stocks of oriental Christians—Greeks, Armenians and Syrians—who hold, like her, episcopacy to be of apostolic institution. In accordance with these sentiments, Dr. Heber thought fit to re-ordain several Protestant ministers who made an application to that effect, and though he did not urge the universal adoption of such a plan, yet

he did not conceal his opinion that it was much to be desired. To the native schools he gave his utmost protection and support; interested in their behalf those whose patronage was most valuable; and took effectual steps for rendering the bounty of his countrymen at home tributary to the same good end. He preached very often: it never had been his practice to spare himself when in England, and in the east he felt further calls in the more pressing wants of the people, and the extreme paucity of the clergy.

‘Short as his time in India was, his visitations had embraced almost the whole of his vast diocese. To the northern portion of it, which Bishop Middleton (who found ample occupation at Calcutta and in southern India) had never been able to reach, he first turned his steps; and having journeyed as far as Merut, “leaving behind him,” says Mr. Fisher, the chaplain of the station, “an impression which I think will not soon or easily pass away,” he bent his course southwards, and traversed the country to Bombay.’

The letters and journals which form the materials of the subsequent part of this biography

have already obtained a classical authority. On their merits as literary compositions we find the following remarks:*

‘Of all the foreign possessions of England, India is, we think, the most important; assuredly, it is the most interesting. A body of our countrymen are employed there, whose zeal, talents, and accomplishments are beyond praise—a set of functionaries, civil and military, whose general deserts have not been surpassed in the history of any independent state, ancient or modern; while, to seek for any parallel example in colonial annals, would, it is admitted on all hands, be vain and ridiculous. Literature of various kinds is widely and profoundly cultivated among a large portion of these meritorious officers, during their stay in the East; and not a few of them are every year returning to spend the afternoon of life, in well-earned competence and leisure, in their own country. Under such circumstances, it is impossible not to reflect, without some wonder, that the English library is to this hour extremely poor in the department of books de-

* See Quarterly Review, No. LXXIII.

scriptive of the actual appearances of men and things in India; of the scenery of regions where almost every element of the beautiful and the sublime has been scattered with the broadest lavishness of nature's bounty; of cities, on the mere face of which one of the most wonderful of all human histories is written, through all its changes, in characters that he who runs may read—where the monuments of Hindoo, Moslem, and English art and magnificence may be contemplated side by side; of manners, amongst which almost every possible shape and shade of human civilization finds its representative; where we may trace our species, step by step, as in one living panorama, from the lowest depths of barbarian and pagan darkness, up to the highest refinements of European society, and the open day-light of Protestant Christianity.

‘ This poverty, where so much wealth might have been expected, is, nevertheless, easy enough to account for. The great majority of our Anglo-Indian adventurers leave their native land very early in life, and become accustomed to Indian scenery and manners before the mind is sufficiently opened and calmed for

considering them duly. Ere such men begin to think of describing India, they have lost the European eyes on which its picturesque features stamp the most vivid impression. When they set about the work, they do pretty much as natives of the region might be expected to do—that is, in writing for people at home, they omit, as too obvious and familiar to be worthy of special notice, exactly those circumstances which, if they could place themselves in the situation of their readers, they would find it most advantageous to dwell upon. They give us the picture, without its foreground—the scholia, without the text. The literary sin that most easily besets them is that capital error of *taking for granted*.

‘ When men of riper years and experience repair to these regions, they go in the discharge of important functions, which commonly confine the field of personal observation to narrow limits, and which always engross so much time, that it is no wonder they should abstain from supererogatory labour of any sort. Those who under such circumstances have been led by extraordinary elasticity of mind to steal time for general literature from the hours of needful

repose, have, in most instances, paid dearly for their generous zeal. Very few of those distinguished victims, however, have bestowed any considerable portion of their energies on the particular department which we have been alluding to. The history and antiquities of Indian mythology, legislation, and philosophy have appeared worthier of such high-aimed ambition; and he who once plunges fairly into that *mare magnum* of romantic mystery, is little likely to revisit, with all his vigour about him, the clearer, and, perhaps, with all reverence be it said, the more useful stream of week-day observation and living custom. It would be below the dignity of these learned moonshees and pundits to quit their Sanscrit and Persic lore, for the purpose of enlightening ignorant occidentals in regard to the actual cities and manners of Eastern men.

‘There is a circumstance of another kind, which it would be absurd to overlook. The intercourse which takes place between distinguished English functionaries in the military and civil service of the Company and the upper classes of the natives, is and must be accompanied, on the side of the latter, with many feel-

ings of jealousy. It seldom wears even the slightest appearance of familiarity, except in the chief seats of government; and there, as might be supposed, the natives are rarely to be seen now-a-days in their pure and unmixed condition, either as to real character or as to external manners. Exceptions of course there are to this rule, as to most others; but we believe they are very rare. Of recent years, Sir John Malcolm furnishes by far the most remarkable instance;—but they who read Bishop Heber's account of Sir John's personal qualifications will be little disposed to draw any general inference from such an example.

‘It is strange, but true, that only two English gentlemen have as yet travelled in India completely as volunteers—Lord Valentia, and a young man of fortune, whom Bishop Heber met with at Delhi; and who is still, we believe, in the east. Perhaps, were more to follow the example, the results might be less satisfactory than one would at first imagine. Orientals have no notion of people performing great and laborious journeys from motives of mere curiosity; and we gather, that when such travellers do appear in India, they are

not unlikely to be received with at least as much suspicion as any avowed instruments of the government.

‘Considering Bishop Heber merely as a traveller, he appears to have carried to India habits and accomplishments, and to have traversed her territories under circumstances more advantageous, than any other individual, the results of whose personal observation have as yet been made public. He possessed the eye of a painter and the pen of a poet ; a mind richly stored with the literature of Europe, both ancient and modern ; great natural shrewdness and sagacity ; and a temper as amiable and candid as ever accompanied and adorned the energies of a fine genius. He had travelled extensively in his earlier life, and acquired, in the provinces of Russia and Turkey especially, a stock of practical knowledge, that could not fail to be of the highest value to him in his Indian peregrinations. His views were, on all important subjects, those of one who had seen and read much, and thought more—liberal, expansive, worthy of a philosopher and a statesman. In the maturity of manhood he retained for literature

and science the ardent zeal of his honoured youth. The cold lesson, *nil admirari*, had never been able to take hold on his generous spirit. Religion was the presiding influence ; but his religion graced as well as heightened his admirable faculties ; it employed and ennobled them all.

‘The character in which he travelled gave him very great opportunities and advantages of observation. His high rank claimed respect, and yet it was of a kind that could inspire no feelings of personal jealousy or distrust ; this the event proved, whatever might have been anticipated. The softness and grace of his manners ; a natural kindliness that made itself felt in every look, gesture, and tone ; and an habitual elegance, with which not one shade of pride, haughtiness, or vanity ever mingled—these, indeed, were qualities which must have gone far to smooth the rough paths before him, in whatever official character he had appeared. As it was, they inspired everywhere both love and reverence for the representative of our Church. Many will hear with surprise—none, we think, without pleasure—that his sacred office, where it

was properly explained, even in the remotest provinces, received many touching acknowledgments. There was no bigotry about him, to check the influence of his devout zeal. In quitting one of the principal seats of Hindoo superstition, we find him concluding his lamentation over the darkness of the atmosphere with an avowal of his hope and belief that “God, nevertheless, may have much people in this city.” And who will not be delighted to learn that this wise and charitable spirit met with its reward ;—that learned doctors, both Moslem and Brahmins,—men who would have shrunk from the vehement harangues of half-educated zealots, however sincere and excellent,—were eager to hear a mild and accomplished scholar reason of life, death, and the judgment to come ; and that the poor peasantry often flocked to him, as he passed on his way, to beg, not for medicines only, but for the prayers of the holy stranger.

‘ The bishop, luckily for his English readers —(for even a Heber might have written about India in a style less adapted for them, had he deferred the task)—seems to have begun this work the very day that he entered the Hooghly :

he landed in the course of the evening at a small village, one, he was told, that had been but rarely visited by Europeans, where he was conducted to a temple of Mahadeo :—

“ The greenhouse-like smell (says he) and temperature of the atmosphere which surrounded us, the exotic appearance of the plants and of the people, the verdure of the fields, the dark shadows of the trees, and the exuberant and neglected vigour of the soil, teeming with life and food, neglected, as it were, out of pure abundance, would have been striking under any circumstances ; they were still more so to persons just landed from a three months’ voyage ; and to me, when associated with the recollection of the objects which have brought me out to India, the amiable manners and countenances of the people, contrasted with the symbols of their foolish and polluted idolatry now first before me, impressed me with a very solemn and earnest wish that I might in some degree, however small, be enabled to conduce to the spiritual advantage of creatures so goodly, so gentle, and now so misled and blinded. ‘ Angeli forent, si essent Christiani ! ’ As the sun went

down, many monstrous bats, bigger than the largest crows I have seen, and chiefly to be distinguished from them by their indented wings, unloosed their hold from the palm-trees, and sailed slowly around us. They might have been supposed the guardian genii of the pagoda."

His first impressions concerning the outward appearance of the natives themselves, must be exceedingly interesting :

"Two observations (he says) struck me forcibly ; first, that the deep bronze tint is more naturally agreeable to the human eye than the fair skins of Europe, since we are not displeased with it even in the first instance, while it is well known that to them a fair complexion gives the idea of ill health, and of that sort of deformity which in our eyes belongs to an Albino. There is, indeed, something in a negro which requires long habit to reconcile the eye to him ; but for this the features and the hair, far more than the colour, are answerable. The second observation was, how entirely the idea of indelicacy, which would naturally belong to such figures as those now around us if they were white, is prevented by

their being of a different colour from ourselves. So much are we children of association and habit, and so instinctively and immediately do our feelings adapt themselves to a total change of circumstances ; it is the partial and inconsistent change only which affects us."

"The great difference in colour between different natives struck me much: of the crowd by whom we were surrounded, some were black as negroes, others merely copper-coloured, and others little darker than the Tunisines whom I have seen at Liverpool. Mr. Mill, the principal of Bishop's College, who, with Mr. Corrie, one of the chaplains in the Company's service, had come down to meet me, and who had seen more of India than most men, tells me that he cannot account for this difference, which is general throughout the country, and everywhere striking. It is not merely the difference of exposure, since this variety of tint is visible in the fishermen who are naked all alike. Nor does it depend on caste, since very high-caste Brahmins are sometimes black, while Pariahs are comparatively fair. It seems, therefore, to be an accidental difference, like that of light and dark

complexions in Europe, though where so much of the body is exposed to sight, it becomes more striking here than in our own country."

"Most of the Hindoo idols are of clay, and very much resemble in composition, colouring, and execution, though of course not in form, the more paltry sort of images which are carried about in England for sale by the Lago di Como people. At certain times of the year, great numbers of these are in fact hawked about the streets of Calcutta in the same manner, on men's heads. This is before they have been consecrated, which takes place on their being solemnly washed in the Ganges by a Brahmin Pundit. Till this happens, they possess no sacred character, and are frequently given as toys to children, and used as ornaments of rooms, which when hallowed they could not be, without giving great offence to every Hindoo who saw them thus employed. I thought it remarkable that though most of the male deities are represented of a deep brown colour, like the natives of the country, the females are usually no less red and white than our porcelain beauties, as exhibited in England. But it is evident from the expressions of most of

the Indians themselves, from the style of their amatory poetry, and other circumstances, that they consider fairness as a part of beauty, and a proof of noble blood. They do not like to be called black, and though the Abyssinians, who are sometimes met with in the country, are very little darker than they themselves are, their jest-books are full of taunts on the charcoal complexion of the 'Hubshee.' Much of this has probably arisen from their having been so long subjected to the Moguls, and other conquerors originally from more northern climates, and who continued to keep up the comparative fairness of their stock by frequent importation of northern beauties. India, too, has been always, and long before the Europeans came hither, a favourite theatre for adventurers from Persia, Greece, Tartary, Turkey, and Arabia, all white men, and all in their turn possessing themselves of wealth and power. These circumstances must have greatly contributed to make a fair complexion fashionable. It is remarkable, however, to observe how surely all these classes of men in a few generations, even without any inter-marriage with the Hindoos, assume the deep

olive tint, little less dark than a negro, which seems natural to the climate. The Portuguese natives form unions among themselves alone, or, if they can, with Europeans. Yet the Portuguese have, during a three hundred years' residence in India, become as black as Caffres. Surely this goes far to disprove the assertion, which is sometimes made, that climate alone is insufficient to account for the difference between the negro and the European. It is true, that in the negro are other peculiarities which the Indian has not, and to which the Portuguese colonist shows no symptom of approximation, and which undoubtedly do not appear to follow so naturally from the climate as that swarthinness of complexion which is the sole distinction between the Hindoo and the European. But if heat produce one change, other peculiarities of climate may produce other and additional changes, and when such peculiarities have three or four thousand years to operate in, it is not easy to fix any limits to their power. I am inclined, after all, to suspect that our European vanity leads us astray in supposing that our own is the primitive complexion,

which I should rather suppose was that of the Indian, half way between the two extremes, and perhaps the most agreeable to the eye and instinct of the majority of the human race. A colder climate, and a constant use of clothes, may have blanched the skin as effectually as a burning sun and nakedness may have tanned it ; and I am encouraged in this hypothesis by observing that of animals the natural colours are generally dusky and uniform, while whiteness and a variety of tint almost invariably follow domestication, shelter from the elements, and a mixed and unnatural diet. Thus while hardship, additional exposure, a greater degree of heat, and other circumstances with which we are unacquainted, may have deteriorated the Hindoo into a negro, opposite causes may have changed him into the progressively lighter tints of the Chinese, the Persian, the Turk, the Russian and the Englishman."

The Bishop's description of Calcutta and the neighbouring country is highly entertaining ; but on this we do not purpose to dwell, being more attracted by his sketches of things " native, and to the manner born." We must,

however, make room for his introduction to the durbar, or native levee of the Governor-general—"which all the principal native residents in Calcutta were expected to attend, as well as the vakeels from several Indian princes.—I found, (says he,) on my arrival, the levee had begun, and that Lord Amherst, attended by his aides-du-camp and Persian secretary, had already walked down one side, where the persons of most rank, and who were to receive 'khelâts,' or honorary dresses, were stationed. I therefore missed this ceremony, but joined him and walked round those to whom he had not yet spoken, comprising some persons of considerable rank and wealth, and some learned men, travellers from different eastern countries, who each in turn addressed his compliments, or petitions, or complaints to the governor. There were several whom we thus passed who spoke English not only fluently but gracefully. Among these were Baboo Ramchunder Roy and his four brothers, all fine, tall, stout, young men, the eldest of whom is about to build one of Mr. Shakespear's rope-bridges over the Caramnasa.*

* Of these curious bridges, the bishop elsewhere says,

“After Lord Amherst had completed the circle, he stood on the lower step of the throne, and the visitors advanced one by one to take leave. First came a young raja of the Rajapootana district, who had received that day the investiture of his father's territories, in a splendid brocade *khelât* and turban; he was a little, pale, shy-looking boy, of twelve years old. Lord Amherst, in addition to these splendid robes, placed a large diamond *aigrette* in his turban, tied a string of valuable pearls round his neck, then gave him a small silver

“Their principle differs from that of chain-bridges, in the centre being a little elevated, and in their needing no abutments. It is, in fact, an application of a ship's standing-rigging to a new purpose, and it is not even necessary that there should be any foundation at all, as the whole may be made to rest on flat timbers, and, with the complete apparatus of cordage, iron, and Bamboos, may be taken to pieces and set up again in a few hours, and removed from place to place by the aid of a few camels and elephants. One of these, over a torrent near Benares, of one hundred and sixty feet span, stood a severe test during last year's inundation, when, if ever, the cordage might have been expected to suffer from the rain, and when a vast crowd of neighbouring villagers took refuge on it as the only safe place in the neighbourhood, and indeed almost the only object which continued to hold itself above the water.”

bottle of attar of roses, and a lump of pawn or betel, wrapped up in a plaintain leaf. Next came forwards the 'vakeel,' or envoy of the Maharaja Scindeah, also a boy, not above sixteen, but smart, self-possessed, and dandy-looking. His khelât and presents were a little, and but a little, less splendid than those of his precursor. Then followed Oude, Nagpoor, Nepaul, all represented by their vakeels, and each in turn honoured by similar, though less splendid marks of attention. The next was a Persian khân, a fine military looking man, rather corpulent, and of a complexion not differing from that of a Turk, or other southern Europeans, with a magnificent black beard, and a very pleasing and animated address. A vakeel from Sind succeeded, with a high red cap, and was followed by an Arab, handsomely dressed, and as fair nearly, though not so good-looking as the Persian. These were all distinguished, and received each some mark of favour. Those who followed had only a little attar poured on their handkerchiefs, and some pawn. On the whole it was an interesting and striking sight, though less magnificent than I had expected, and less so

I think than the levée of an European monarch. The sameness of the greater part of the dresses (white muslin) was not sufficiently relieved by the splendour of the few *khelâts* ; and even these, which were of gold and silver brocade, were in a great measure eclipsed by the scarlet and blue uniforms, gold lace, and feathers of the English. One of the most striking figures was the governor-general's native *aid-du-camp*, a tall, strong-built, and remarkably handsome man, in the flower of his age, and of a countenance at once kind and bold. His dress was a very rich hussar uniform, and he advanced last of the circle, with the usual military salute ; then, instead of the offering of money which each of the rest made, he bared a small part of the blade of his sabre, and held it out to the governor. The *attar* he received, not on his handkerchief, but on his white cotton gloves. I had on former occasions noticed this soldier from his height, striking appearance and rich uniform. He is a very respectable man, and reckoned a good officer."

We find the following entry under date April 21:—

“I entered into my forty-second year. God grant that my future years may be as happy, if he sees good! and better, far better spent than those which are gone by! This day I christened my dear little Harriet. God bless and prosper her with all earthly and heavenly blessings! We had afterwards a great dinner and evening party, at which were present the Governor and Lady Amherst, and nearly all our acquaintance in Calcutta. To the latter I also asked several of the wealthy natives, who were much pleased with the attention, being, in fact, one which no European of high station in Calcutta had previously paid to any of them. Hurree Mohun Thakoor observing ‘What an increased interest the presence of females gave to our parties,’ I reminded him that the introduction of women into society was an ancient Hindoo custom, and only discontinued in consequence of the Mussulman conquest. He assented with a laugh, adding, however, ‘It is too late for us to go back to the old custom now.’ Rhadacant Deb, who overheard us, observed more seriously, ‘It is very true that we did not use to shut up our women till the times of the Mussulmans. But

before we could give them the same liberty as the Europeans, they must be better educated.' I introduced these Baboos to the chief-justice, which pleased them much, though, perhaps, they were still better pleased with my wife herself presenting them pawn, rosewater, and attar of roses before they went, after the native custom."

CHAPTER VII.

Voyage up the Ganges—Visitation of the Upper Provinces.

It was on the 15th of the following June that the Bishop left Calcutta for his long and arduous visitation of the Upper Provinces. He was now separated from his family, and felt sorely the loss of that “atmosphere of home,” as he beautifully calls it, which he had hitherto carried about with him.

For several months, the Bishop and his companions travelled chiefly by water—merely landing when any duty was to be performed, or any object of special interest solicited their attention.

The boat in which he went is thus described in his Journal. “A Bengalee boat is the simplest and rudest of all possible structures. It is decked over, throughout its whole length, with bamboo; and on this is erected a low light fabric of bamboo and straw, exactly like a small cottage without a chimney. This is the cabin, baggage-room, &c.; here the pas-

engers sit and sleep; and here, if it be intended for a cooking-boat, are one or two small ranges of brick-work like English hearths, but not rising more than a few inches above the deck, with small, round, sugar-loaf holes, like those in a lime-kiln, adapted for dressing victuals with charcoal. As the roof of this apartment is by far too fragile for men to stand or sit on, and as the apartment itself takes up nearly two-thirds of the vessel, upright bamboos are fixed by its side, which support a kind of grating of the same material, immediately above the roof, on which, at the height probably of six or eight feet above the surface of the water, the boatmen sit or stand to work the vessel. They have, for oars, long bamboos, with circular boards at the end, a longer one of the same sort to steer with, a long rough bamboo for a mast, and one, or sometimes two sails, of a square form, (or rather broader above than below,) of very coarse and flimsy canvass. Nothing can seem more clumsy and dangerous than these boats. Dangerous I believe they are, but with a fair wind they sail over the water merrily. The breeze this morning carried us along at a good

rate, yet our English-rigged brig could do no more than keep up with the cooking-boat."

The Bishop's amiable disposition led him, in his progress, to pay whatever attentions lay in his power to those dethroned princes, whose melancholy remains of pomp and grandeur are among the most interesting objects that any Indian Traveller can meet with. A mere accident, however, (having landed to see a pagoda,) was the means of his first introduction to one of these personages. It was on the 18th of June, at Sibnibashi—the Sibnibas of Rennell (who has, however, placed it on the wrong bank of the river,)—that a priest of Rama, having been put into good humour by a handsome fee, for showing his temple, asked the Bishop if he would like to see the Rajah's palace also.

"On my assenting, they led us to a really noble gothic gateway, overgrown with beautiful broad-leaved ivy, but in good preservation, and decidedly handsomer, though in pretty much the same style, with the 'Holy Gate' of the Kremlin in Moscow. Within this, which had apparently been the entrance into the city, extended a broken but still stately

avenue of tall trees, and on either side a wilderness of ruined buildings, overgrown with trees and brush-wood, which reminded Stowe of the baths of Caracalla, and me of the upper part of the city of Caffa. I asked who had destroyed the place, and was told Seraiah Dowla, an answer which (as it was evidently a Hindoo ruin) fortunately suggested to me the name of the Raja, Kissen Chund. On asking whether this had been his residence, one of the peasants answered in the affirmative, adding that the Raja's grand-children yet lived hard by. By this I supposed he meant somewhere in the neighbourhood, since nothing here promised shelter to any beings but wild beasts, and as I went along I could not help looking carefully before me, and thinking of Thalaba in the ruins of Babylon;

‘Cautiously he trode, and felt
The dangerous ground before him with his bow ; . . .
The adder, at the noise alarmed,
Launched at the intruding staff her arrowy tongue.’

Our guide meantime turned short to the right, and led us into what were evidently the ruins of a very extensive palace. Some parts of it

reminded me of Conway Castle, and others of Bolton Abbey. It had towers like the former, though of less stately height, and had also long and striking cloisters of gothic arches, but all overgrown with ivy and jungle, roofless and desolate. Here, however, in a court, whose gateway had still its old folding doors on their hinges, the two boys whom we had seen on the beach came forward to meet us, were announced as the great grandsons of Rajah Kissen Chund, and invited us very courteously, in Persian, to enter their father's dwelling. I looked round in exceeding surprise. There was no more appearance of inhabitation than in Conway. Two or three cows were grazing among the ruins, and one was looking out from the top of a dilapidated turret, whither she had scrambled to browse on the ivy. The breech of a broken cannon, and a fragment of a mutilated inscription lay on the grass, which was evidently only kept down by the grazing of cattle; and the jackalls, whose yells began to be heard around us as the evening closed in, seemed the natural lords of the place. Of course, I expressed no astonishment, but said how much respect I

felt for their family, of whose ancient splendour I was well informed, and that I should be most happy to pay my compliments to the raja, their father. They immediately led us up a short, steep, straight flight of steps, in the thickness of the wall of one of the towers, precisely such as that of which we find the remains in one of the gateways of Rhudlan Castle, assuring me that it was a very 'good road;' and at the door of a little vaulted and unfurnished room, like that which is shown in Carnarvon Castle as the Queen's bed-chamber, we were received by the Raja Omichund, a fat, shortish man, of about forty-five, of rather fair complexion, but with no other clothes than his waistcloth and Brahminical string, and only distinguished from his vassals by having his forehead marked all over with alternate stripes of chalk, vermilion, and gold leaf. The boys had evidently run home to inform him of our approach, and he had made some preparation to receive us in durbar. His own musnud was ready, a kind of mattress, laid on the ground, on which, with a very harmless ostentation, he had laid a few trinkets, a gold watch, betel-nut box, &c. &c.

Two old arm chairs were placed opposite for Stowe and me. The young rajas sat down at their father's right hand, and his naked domestics ranged themselves in a line behind him, with their hands respectfully folded. On the other side the Sotaburdar stood behind me; Stowe's servant took place behind him, and Abdullah between us as interpreter, which functions he discharged extremely well, and which was the more necessary since, in strict conformity with court etiquette, the conversation passed in Persian. I confess I was moved by the apparent poverty of the representative of a house once very powerful, and paid him more attention than I perhaps might have done had his drawing-room presented a more princely style. He was exceedingly pleased by my calling him 'Maha-rajah,' or Great King, as if he were still a sovereign like his ancestors, and acknowledged the compliment by a smile, and a profound reverence. He seemed, however, much puzzled to make out my rank, never having heard (he said) of any 'Lord Sahib,' except the governor-general, while he was still more perplexed by the exposition of 'Lord Bishop Sahib,' which, for

some reason or other, my servants always prefer to that of 'Lord Padre.' He apologized very civilly for his ignorance, observing that he had not been for many years in Calcutta, and that very few Sahibs ever came that way. I told him that I was going to Dacca, Benhares, Delhi, and possibly Hurdwar; that I was to return in nine or ten months, and that should he visit Calcutta again, it would give me great pleasure if he would come to see me. He said he seldom stirred from home, but as he spoke his sons looked at him with so much earnest and intelligible expression of countenance, that he added that 'his boys would be delighted to see Calcutta and wait on me.' He then asked very particularly of Abdullah in what street and what house I lived. After a short conversation of this kind, and some allusions on my part to his ancestors and their ancient wealth and splendour, which were well taken, we took leave, escorted to the gate by our two young friends; and thence, by a nearer way through the ruins, to our pinnacle, by an elderly man, who said he was the Raja's 'Mucktar,' or chamberlain, and whose obsequious courtesy, high reve-

rence for his master's family, and numerous apologies for the unprepared state in which we had found 'the court,' reminded me of old Caleb Balderstone."

We throw together a few detached passages, which may serve to give some notion of the sort of scenery and adventures the Bishop encountered in his voyage.

"*June 22.*—On the bank we found a dwarf mulberry tree, the first we have seen in India. A very handsome and sleek young bull, branded with the emblem of Siva on his haunches, was grazing in the green paddy (rice-field.) He crossed our path quite tame and fearless, and seeing some fiojin grass in Stowe's hand, coolly walked up to smell at it. These bulls are turned out when calves, on different solemn occasions, by wealthy Hindoos, as an acceptable offering to Siva. It would be a mortal sin to strike or injure them. They feed where they choose, and devout persons take great delight in pampering them. They are exceeding pests in the villages near Calcutta, breaking into gardens, thrusting their noses into the stalls of fruiterers and pastry-cooks' shops, and helping themselves

without ceremony. Like other petted animals, they are sometimes mischievous, and are said to resent with a push of their horns any delay in gratifying their wishes."

"*June 27.*—We passed, to my surprise, a row of no less than nine or ten large and very beautiful otters, tethered, with straw collars and long strings, to Bamboo stakes on the bank. Some were swimming about at the full extent of their strings, or lying half in and half out of the water, others were rolling themselves in the sun on the sandy bank, uttering a shrill whistling noise as if in play. I was told that most of the fishermen in this neighbourhood kept one or more of these animals, who were almost as tame as dogs, and of great use in fishing, sometimes driving the shoals into the nets, sometimes bringing out the larger fish with their teeth. I was much pleased and interested with the sight. It has always been a fancy of mine, that the poor creatures whom we waste and persecute to death for no cause, but the gratification of our cruelty, might by reasonable treatment be made the sources of abundant amusement and advantage to us. The simple Hindoo shows

here a better taste and judgment, than half the otter-hunting and badger-baiting gentry of England."

"June 28.—The river continues a noble one, and the country bordering on it is now of a fertility and tranquil beauty, such as I never saw before. Beauty it certainly has, though it has neither mountain, nor waterfall, nor rock, which all enter into our notions of beautiful scenery in England. But the broad river, with a very rapid current, swarming with small picturesque canoes, and no less picturesque fishermen, winding through fields of green corn, natural meadows covered with cattle, successive plantations of cotton, sugar, and pawn, studded with villages and masts in every creek and angle, and backed continually (though not in a continuous and heavy line like the shores of the Hooghly) with magnificent peepul, banian, bamboo, betel, and coco trees, affords a succession of pictures the most *riants* that I have seen, and infinitely beyond anything which I ever expected to see in Bengal. To add to our pleasure this day, we had a fine rattling breeze, carrying us along against the stream, which it raised into a curl, at the

rate of five miles an hour; and more than all, I heard from my wife."

"*July 1.*—The noise of the Ganges is really like the sea. As we passed near a hollow and precipitous part of the bank, on which the wind set full, it told on my ear exactly as if the tide were coming in; and when the moon rested at night on this great, and, as it then seemed, this shoreless extent of water, we might have fancied ourselves in the cuddy of an Indiaman, if our cabin were not too near the water."

"*Dacca, July 6.*—The Nawâb's carriage passed us, an old landau, drawn by four horses, with a coachman and postilion in red liveries, and some horse-guards in red also, with high ugly caps, like those of the old grenadiers, with gilt plates in front, and very ill mounted. The great men of India evidently lose in point of effect, by an injudicious and imperfect adoption of European fashions. An eastern cavalier, with his turban and flowing robes, is a striking object; and an eastern prince on horseback, and attended by his usual train of white-staved and high-capped janizaries, a still more noble one; but an eastern prince in a shabby carriage, guarded by men dressed like an

equestrian troop at a fair, is nothing more than ridiculous and melancholy. It is, however, but natural, that these unfortunate sovereigns should imitate, as far as they can, those costumes which the example of their conquerors has associated with their most recent ideas of power and splendour.”

“ The Nawâb called this morning, according to his promise, accompanied by his eldest son. He is a good-looking elderly man, of so fair a complexion, as to prove the care with which the descendants of the Mussulman conquerors have kept up their northern blood. His hands, more particularly, are nearly as white as those of an European. He sat for a good while smoking his hookah, and conversing fluently enough in English, quoting some English books of history, and showing himself very tolerably acquainted with the events of the Spanish war, and the part borne in it by Sir Edward Paget. His son is a man of about thirty, of a darker complexion, and education more neglected, being unable to converse in English. The Nawâb told us of a fine wild elephant, which his people were then in pursuit of, within a few miles of Dacca. He said

that they did not often come so near. He cautioned me against going amongst the ruins, except on an elephant, since tygers sometimes, and snakes always, abounded there. He asked me several pertinent questions as to the intended extent and object of my journey, and talked about a Greek priest, who, he said, wished to be introduced to me, and whom he praised as a very worthy, well-informed man. I asked him about the antiquities of Dacca, which he said were not very old, the city itself being a comparatively recent Mussulman foundation. He was dressed in plain white muslin, with a small gold tassel attached to his turban. His son had a turban of purple silk, ribbed with gold, with some jewels in it. Both had splendid diamond rings. I took good care to call the father 'his highness,' a distinction of which Mr. Master had warned me that he was jealous, and which he himself, I observed, was very careful always to pay him. At length pawn and attar of roses were brought to me, and I rose to give them to the visitors. The Nawâb smiled, and said, 'What, has your lordship learned our customs?' Our guests then rose, and Mr. Master gave his arm to the

Nawâb to lead him down stairs. The staircase was lined with attendants with silver sticks, and the horse-guards, as before, were round the carriage; this was evidently second-hand, having the arms of its former proprietor still on the pannel, and the whole show was any thing but splendid. The Company's sepoys were turned out to present arms, and the Nawâb's own followers raised a singular sort of acclamation as he got into his carriage, reckoning up the titles of his family, 'Lion of War!' 'Prudent in Counsel!' 'High and Mighty Prince,' &c. &c. But the thing was done with little spirit, and more like the proclamations of a crier in an English court of justice, than a ceremony in which any person took an interest. I was, however, gratified throughout the scene by seeing the humane (for it was even more than good-natured) respect, deference, and kindness, which in every word and action Mr. Master showed to this poor humbled potentate. It could not have been greater, or in better taste, had its object been an English prince of the blood."—*Heber's Journal*.

Gradually adopting, as they are, much of

the habits, customs, and, above all, the education, properly so called, of English noblemen, the future destinies of these native princes must be allowed to form a subject of very great interest, and no less importance.

We find the Bishop honoured, on his first landing by the attendance of certain officers bearing silver stieks, native badges of exalted rank, which were formerly adopted by many of the Company's superior officers, but which are now conceded to no Europeans in Bengal but the governor-general, the commander of the forces, the chief-justice, and the Bishop of Calcutta. These emblems are granted or refused to the native houses, according to the view which the government takes of their pretensions and deserts, and are as eagerly coveted and canvassed for as the stars and ribbons of any European court. From the palace of the rajah of Dacca, the Bishop proceeded to that of Meer Israf Ali, the chief Mahometan gentleman of that district. We again quote from the Journal.

“*July 20.*—He is said by Mr. Master to have been both extravagant and unfortunate, and therefore to be now a good deal encum-

bered. But his landed property still amounts to above three hundred thousand begahs, and his family is one of the best (as a private family) in India. He was himself absent at one of his other houses. But his two eldest sons had been very civil, and had expressed a hope that I would return their visit. Besides which, I was not sorry to see the inside of this sort of building. Meer Israf Ali's house is built round a court-yard, and looks very much like a dismantled convent, occupied by a corps of Uhlans. There are abundance of fine horses, crowds of shabby-looking servants in showy but neglected liveries, and on the whole a singular mixture of finery and carelessness. The two young men, and a relation, as they said he was, who seemed to act as their preceptor and as their father's man of business, received me with some surprise, and were in truth marvelously dirty, and unfit to see company. They were, however, apparently flattered and pleased, and showed their good manners in offering no apologies, but leading me up a very mean staircase into their usual sitting rooms, which were both better in themselves, and far better furnished than I expected from the appearance

of things below. After the few first compliments, I had recourse to Abdullah's interpretation, and they talked very naturally, and rather volubly, about the fine sport their father would show me the next time I came into the country, he having noble covers for tygers, leopards, and even wild elephants. At last out came a wish for *silver sticks*! Their father, they said, was not in the habit of asking favours from government, but it was a shame that the baboos of Calcutta should obtain badges of nobility, while true *Seyuds*, descendants of the prophets, whose ancestors had never known what trade was, but had won with their swords from the idolaters the lands for which they now paid taxes to the Company, should be overlooked. I could promise them no help here, and reminded them that an old family was always respected whether it had silver sticks or no, and that an upstart was only laughed at for decorations which deceived nobody. 'Yes,' said the younger, 'but our ancestors used to have silver sticks, and we have got them in the house at this day.' I said if they could prove that, I thought that government would be favourable to their re-

quest, but advised them to consult Mr. Master, who was their father's intimate friend. We then parted, after their bringing pawn and rose water in a very antique and elegantly carved bottle, which might really have belonged to those days when their ancestors smote the idolaters. Mr. Master afterwards said, that if the Meer himself had been at home, I never should have been plagued with such topics; that he was a thorough gentleman, and a proud one, who wished for the silver sticks, but would never have asked the interest of a stranger."

"*July 23.*—In the course of our halt this day, a singular and painfully interesting character presented himself in the person of a Mussulman Fakir, a very elegantly formed and handsome young man, of good manners, and speaking good Hindoostanee, but with insanity strongly marked in his eye and forehead. He was very nearly naked, had a white handkerchief tied as an ornament round his left arm, a bright yellow rag hanging loosely over the other, a little cornelian ornament set in silver round his neck, a large chaplet of black beads, and a little wooden cup in his hand. He asked my leave to sit down on the bank to watch

what we were doing, and said it gave his heart pleasure to see Englishmen; that he was a great traveller, had been in Bombay, Cabul, &c., and wanted to see all the world, wherein he was bound to wander as long as it lasted. I offered him alms, but he refused, saying, he never took money,—that he had had his meal that day, and wanted nothing. He sat talking wildly with the servants a little longer, when I again told Abdullah to ask him if I could do any thing for him; he jumped up, laughed, said ‘No pice!’ then made a low obeisance, and ran off, singing ‘La Illah ul Allah!’ His manner and appearance nearly answered to the idea of the Arab Mejnoun, when he run wild for Leila.”

“*July 31.*—At a neighbouring village I saw an ape in a state of liberty, but as tame as possible, the favourite, perhaps the deity, certainly the sacred animal of the villagers. He was sitting in a little bush as we stopped (to allow the servants’ boats to come up), and on smelling dinner, I suppose, for my meal was getting ready, waddled gravely down to the water’s edge. He was about the size of a large spaniel, enormously fat, covered with long silky

hair generally of a rusty lead colour, but on his breast a fine *shot* blue, and about his buttocks and thighs gradually waving into a deep orange; he had no tail, or one so short that the hair concealed it; he went on all fours only. I gave him some toast, and my sirdar-bearer (a Hindoo) sent him a leaf full of rice. I suspect he was often in the habit of receiving doles at this spot, which is the usual place for standing across a deep bay of the river, and I certainly have never yet seen a human Fakir in so good case. To ascend a tree must be to a hermit of his size a work of considerable trouble, but I suppose he does so at night for security, otherwise he would be a magnificent booty for the jackalls.”—*Journal*.

About this stage of the progress, we find inserted in the Bishop's record two copies of verses, which we shall quote at length. To our fancy they are, in their kind, of exquisite merit; and, indeed, to speak plainly, we consider the second of them as superior to any of Heber's poems previously published—even to “Palestine.”

“If thou wert by my side, my love!

How fast would evening fail

In green Bengala's palmy grove,
Listening the nightingale !

“ If thou, my love ! wert by my side,
My babies at my knee,
How gaily would our pinnace glide
O'er Gunga's mimie sea !

“ I miss thee at the dawning grey,
When, on our deck reclined,
In careless ease my limbs I lay,
And woo the cooler wind.

“ I miss thee when by Gunga's stream
My twilight steps I guide,
But most beneath the lamp's pale beam
I miss thee from my side.

“ I spread my books, my pencil try,
The lingering noon to cheer,
But miss thy kind approving eye,
Thy meek attentive ear.

“ But when of morn and eve the star
Beholds me on my knee,
I feel, though thou art distant far,
Thy prayers ascend for me.

“ Then on ! then on ! where duty leads,
My course be onward still,
O'er broad Hindostan's sultry meads.
O'er bleak Ahnurah's hill.

“ That course, nor Delhi’s kingly gates,
Nor Wild Malwah detain,
For sweet the bliss us both awaits
By yonder western main.

“ Thy towers, Bombay, gleam bright, they say,
Across the dark blue sea,
But ne’er were hearts so light and gay
As then shall meet in thee !”

The other is entitled “ An Evening Walk in Bengal:” we know few dead poets, and no living one, who might not be proud to own it:—

“ Our task is done ! on Gunga’s breast
The sun is sinking down to rest ;
And, moored beneath the tamarind bough,
Our bark has found its harbour now.
With furled sail, and painted side,
Behold the tiny frigate ride.
Upon her deck, ’mid charcoal gleams,
The Moslems’ savoury supper steams,
While all apart, beneath the wood,
The Hindoo cooks his simpler food.

“ Come walk with me the jungle through ;
If yonder hunter told us true,
Far off, in desert dank and rude,
The tyger holds his solitude ;
Nor (taught by recent harm to shun
The thunders of the English gun,)

A dreadful guest, but rarely seen,
Returns to scare the village green.
Come boldly on ! no venom'd snake
Can shelter in so cool a brake ;
Child of the sun ! he loves to lie
'Mid Nature's embers, parched and dry,
Where o'er some tower, in ruin laid,
The peepul spreads its haunted shade ;
Or round a tomb his scales to wreath,
Fit warder in the gate of death !
Come on ! Yet pause ! behold us now
Beneath the bamboo's arched bough,
Where, gemming oft that sacred gloom,
Glow the geranium's scarlet bloom,*
And winds our path through many a bower
Of fragrant tree and giant flower ;
The eeiba's crimson pomp display'd
O'er the broad plantain's humbler shade,
And dusk anana's prickly blade ;
While o'er the brake, so wild and fair,
The betel waves his crest in air.
With pendent train and rushing wings,
Aloft the gorgeous peacock springs ;
And he, the bird of hundred dyes,
Whose plumes the dames of Ava prize.
So rich a shade, so green a sod,
Our English fairies never trod ;

* A shrub whose deep scarlet flowers very much resemble the geranium, and thence called the Indian geranium.

Yet who in India's bow'r has stood,
But thought on England's 'good green wood ?'
And bless'd beneath the palmy shade,
Her hazel and her hawthorn glade,
And breath'd a pray'r, (how oft in vain !)
To gaze upon her oaks again ?

" A truce to thought ! the jackall's cry
Resounds like sylvan revelry ;
And through the trees, yon failing ray
Will scantily serve to guide our way.
Yet mark ! as fade the upper skies,
Each thicket opes ten thousand eyes.
Before, beside us, and above,
The fire-fly lights his lamp of love,
Retreating, chasing, sinking, soaring,
The darkness of the copse exploring ;
While to this cooler air confest,
The broad dhatura bares her breast,
Of fragrant scent and virgin white,
A pearl around the locks of night !
Still as we pass, in softened hum,
Along the breezy alleys come
The village song, the horn, the drum.
Still as we pass, from bush and briar,
The shrill cigala strikes his lyre ;
And, what is she whose liquid strain
'Thrills through yon copse of sugar-cane ?
I know that soul-entrancing swell !
It is—it must be—Philomel !

" Enough, enough, the rustling trees
Announce a shower upon the breeze,—

The flashes of the summer sky
Assume a deeper, ruddier die ;
Yon lamp that trembles on the stream,
From forth our cabin sheds its beam ;
And we must early sleep, to find
Betimes the morning's healthy wind.
But oh ! with thankful hearts confess,
Ev'n here there may be happiness ;
And He, the bounteous Sire, has given
His peace on earth—his hope of heaven !”

We shall next quote the Bishop's most picturesque description of the great ecclesiastical capital of India—Benares, a city “ more entirely and characteristically eastern than any he had seen before.”

“ No Europeans (says he) live in the town, nor are the streets wide enough for a wheel-carriage. Mr. Frazer's gig was stopped short almost in its entrance, and the rest of the way was passed in tonjons, through alleys so crowded, so narrow, and so winding, that even a tonjon* sometimes passed with difficulty. The houses are mostly lofty, none I think less than two stories, most of three, and several of five or six, a sight which I now for the first time

* A species of litter.

saw in India. The streets, like those of Chester, are considerably lower than the ground-floors of the houses, which have mostly arched rows in front, with little shops behind them. Above these, the houses are richly embellished with verandahs, galleries, projecting oriel windows, and very broad and overhanging eaves, supported by carved brackets. The number of temples is very great, mostly small, and stuck like shrines in the angles of the streets, and under the shadow of the lofty houses. Their forms, however, are not ungraceful, and they are many of them entirely covered over with beautiful and elaborate carvings of flowers, animals, and palm-branches, equalling in minuteness and richness the best specimens that I have seen of Gothic or Grecian architecture. The material of the buildings is a very good stone, from Chunar, but the Hindoos here seem fond of painting them a deep red colour, and, indeed, of covering the more conspicuous parts of their houses with paintings in gaudy colours of flower-pots, men, women, bulls, elephants, gods and goddesses, in all their many-formed, many-headed, many-handed, and many-weaponed varieties.

The sacred bulls devoted to Siva, of every age, tame and familiar as mastiffs, walk lazily up and down these narrow streets, or are seen lying across them, and hardly to be kicked up (any blows, indeed, given them must be of the gentlest kind, or woe be to the profane wretch who braves the prejudices of this fanatic population) in order to make way for the tonjon. Monkeys sacred to Hunimaun, the divine ape who conquered Ceylon for Rama, are in some parts of the town equally numerous, clinging to all the roofs and little projections of the temples, putting their impertinent heads and hands into every fruiterer's or confectioner's shop, and snatching the food from the children at their meals. Fakirs' houses, as they are called, occur at every turn, adorned with idols, and sending out an unceasing tinkling and strumming of vinals, biyals, and other discordant instruments; while religious mendicants of every Hindoo sect, offering every conceivable deformity, which chalk, cow-dung, disease, matted locks, distorted limbs and disgusting and hideous attitudes of penance can show, literally line the principal streets on both sides. The number of blind persons is very great (I

was going to say of lepers also, but I am not sure whether the appearance on the skin may not have been filth and chalk); and here I saw repeated instances of that penance of which I had heard much in Europe, of men with their legs or arms voluntarily distorted by keeping them in one position, and their hands clenched till the nails grew out at the backs. Their pitiful exclamations as we passed, ‘Agha Sahib,’ ‘Topee Sahib,’ (the usual names in Hindostan for an European), ‘khana ke waste kooch cheez do,’ ‘give me something to eat,’ soon drew from me what few pice I had; but it was a drop of water in the ocean, and the importunities of the rest, as we advanced into the city, were almost drowned in the hubbub which surrounded us. Such are the sights and sounds which greet a stranger on entering this ‘the most Holy City’ of Hindostan, ‘the Lotus of the world, not founded on common earth, but on the point of Siva’s trident,’ a place so blessed, that whoever dies here, of whatever sect, even though he should be an eater of beef, *so he will but be charitable to the poor Brahmins*, is sure of salvation. It is, in fact, this very holiness which makes it the com-

mon resort of beggars: since, besides the number of pilgrims, which is enormous from every part of India, as well as from Tibet and the Birman Empire, a great multitude of rich individuals in the decline of life, and almost all the great men who are from time to time disgraced or banished from home by the revolutions which are continually occurring in the Hindoo states, come hither to wash away their sins, or to fill up their vacant hours with the gaudy ceremonies of their religion, and really give away great sums in profuse and indiscriminate charity.”

The interior of one of the innumerable temples of the holy city is thus given:—

“The temple-court, (says Heber) small as it is, is crowded like a farm-yard with very fat and very tame bulls, which thrust their noses into every body’s hand and pocket for gram and sweetmeats, which their fellow-votaries give them in great quantities. The cloisters are no less full of naked devotees, as hideous as chalk and dung can make them, and the continued hum of ‘Ram! Ram! Ram! Ram!’ is enough to make a stranger giddy. The place is kept very clean, however,—indeed

the priests seem to do little else than pour water over the images and the pavement, and I found them not merely willing, but anxious to show me every thing,—frequently repeating that they were Padres also, though it is true that they used this circumstance as an argument for my giving them a present.”

We are happy to observe, in the general, that the scope and tendency of the Bishop's remarks and reflections on India are decidedly *favourable*. The obvious defects of the present system of police, and judicial administration in India, are commented on with justice—never in the tone of exaggerated feeling. The character, dispositions, and capabilities of our native subjects, on the other hand, are treated in a manner which will give little satisfaction to those proud and haughty bigots of Europeanism, who have, in many cases, been suffered to exert a most perilous degree of influence over the destinies of that immense empire. He does not lend his canvass exclusively either to the lights or the shades of the living picture before him—but transfers it faithfully with all its features ; and pronounces that, upon the whole, in the midst of much

that is dark, doubtful, and melancholy, the predominant feeling, with which it deserves to be contemplated, is the cheering and stimulating one of hope. That the British sway has, in the main—looking to the whole country and the population in the mass—been productive of good to India, he distinctly asserts ; and he adduces evidence which cannot, we think, leave it in the power of any honest man to dissent from that opinion. That it has degraded and impoverished certain classes of the population all over India, and, through them, essentially injured some particular districts of the country, he as distinctly confesses. That we ought to look to India with an eye of extreme watchfulness is an inference which he presses continually. If we do so—if we persevere in a course of conduct, which, as gradually but sensibly bettering the condition of the great mass of the people, presents the fairest prospect of overbalancing the admitted elements of danger inherent in certain classes of the population as they now stand—and at the same time show readiness to improve the condition of those classes themselves, whenever it is possible to do so with safety to our

own interest—if this be the line of conduct pursued steadily in India, the Bishop has no nervous apprehensions whatever as to the permanence of our empire. That such an empire should remain, for an indefinite course of time, in the relation of a colonial or quasi-colonial appendage to a kingdom so remote as this, his lordship was not likely to dream. But that, under a firm, paternal, and liberal system of government, the industry of India may be stimulated to an extent hitherto unimagined ; the character of her people raised and strengthened ; their prejudices, even their religious prejudices, slowly, indeed, but surely overcome ; and, in a word, the whole condition of these enormous regions so altered and improved, that their political separation from Great Britain might be another name for the admission of several great independent states into the social system of the civilized world, and even of the Christian world—these are prospects which, after duly weighing what has already been done, the rational and comprehensive intellect of Heber appears to have considered as neither visionary nor absurd.

On passing Mirzapoor, a city the impor-

tance of which dates entirely from the establishment of the English government, and which now exhibits a population of from two to three hundred thousand inhabitants, engaged in traffic to a great extent, enjoying, apparently, ease, comfort, and independence, and surrounded with *new* buildings of all sorts, as splendid as are to be seen anywhere out of Calcutta, the Bishop pauses to say—

“This is, indeed, a most rich and striking land. Here, in the space of little more than two hundred miles, along the same river, I have passed six towns, none of them less populous than Chester,—two (Patna and Mirzapoor) more so than Birmingham; and one, Benares, more peopled than any city in Europe, except London and Paris! And this besides villages innumerable. I observed to Mr. Archdeacon Corrie, that I had expected to find agriculture in Hindostan in a flourishing state, but the great cities ruined, in consequence of the ruin of the Mussulman nobles. He answered, that certainly very many ancient families had gone to decay, but he did not think the gap had been ever perceptible in his time, in this part of India, since it had been

more than filled up by a new order rising from the middling classes, whose wealth had, during his recollection, increased very greatly. Far, indeed, from those cities which we had already passed decaying, most of them had much increased in the number of their houses, and, in what is a sure sign of wealth in India, the number and neatness of their ghâts and temples, since he was last here. Nothing, he said, was plainer to him, from the multitude of little improvements of this kind, of small temples and Bungalows, partly in the European style, but obviously inhabited by natives, that wealth was becoming more abundant among the middling ranks, and that such of them as are rich are not afraid of appearing so. The great cities in the Dooab, he said, were indeed scenes of desolation. The whole country round Delhi and Agra, when he first saw it, was filled with the marble ruins of villas, mosques, and palaces, with the fragments of tanks and canals, and the vestiges of inclosures. But this ruin had occurred before the British arms had extended thus far, and while the country was under the tyranny and never-ending invasions of the Persians, Affghans,

and Maharattas. Even here a great improvement had taken place before he left Agra, and he hoped to find a much greater on his return. He apprehended that, on the whole, all India had gained under British rule, except, perhaps, Dacca and its neighbourhood, where the manufactures had been nearly ruined."

Higher up, at Wallahabad, the intelligent collector of the district, Mr. Ward, introduced to the Bishop the zemindar of the district, a Mahometan gentleman, of high family and respectable character, and a very interesting conversation ensued. The Bishop happened to introduce the subject of field sports :

"I observed (says Heber) that there was much jungle in the neighbourhood, and asked if there were any tygers. 'Tygers! No,' said he, 'not for several years back; and as for jungle, there is three times as much cultivated land now as there used to be under the government of the vizier. Then there were tygers in plenty, and more than plenty; but there are better things than tygers now, such as corn-fields, villages, and people.'"

"It is curious and interesting to find both the apparently progressive improvement of the

country under the British government, as contrasted with its previous state, and also how soon, and how easily, in a settled country, the most formidable wild animals become extinct before the power of man. The tyger will soon be almost as great a rarity in our eastern as in our western dominions : the snake, however, will hold his ground longer."

Still higher up the country, not far from Cawnpore, we find the Bishop writing as follows :—

"The day was fine, and though the roads were in a very bad state, it was delightful to hear the mutual congratulations of our bearers and the villagers whom we passed, both parties full of thankfulness to God, and considering themselves, with apparent reason, as delivered from famine and all its horrors. One of these mutual felicitations, which the Archdeacon overheard the day before, was very interesting, as it was not intended for his ear, and was one of the strongest proofs I have met with of the satisfaction of the Hindoos with their rulers. 'A good rain this for the bread,' said one of the villagers to the other. 'Yes,' was the answer, 'and a good government,

under which a man may eat bread in safety.' While such a feeling prevails, we may have good hopes of the stability of our Indian government."

We might quote a dozen passages more of the same cast and tendency.

To us the most painful subject the Bishop touches on, and he does so frequently in a very affecting manner, is the levity, to give it no worse name, with which our young and thoughtless countrymen often trifle with the feelings of the natives. Its danger is as obvious as its vice. Let one example serve : he met a military officer voyaging up the Ganges, who made it his boast that, whenever his cook-boat hung behind, he fired at it with ball. The gentleman, no doubt, took care to shoot high ; but such tricks cannot be practised without exciting bitter anger at the time, and leaving a lasting impression of disgust. It is delightful to turn from such incidents to the many specimens he gives of the gratefulness with which the poor natives receive the kindness of their European superiors. Talking of his own numerous attendants generally, the Bishop says he found them susceptible, in a

high degree, of those amiable feelings, which, no question, the habitual conduct and demeanour of their kind-hearted master were singularly calculated to call forth. On one occasion a boy brought a little leveret to the side of his horse, and when he reproved him for meddling with a poor animal much too young to be of any use at the table, and directed one of his own servants to see that it was put back again, as nearly as possible on the spot where it had been lifted, the whole crowd of grooms and bearers burst out with blessings on his head. Another time when he interfered, to prevent a horse's tail being docked, observing that "Go had bestowed on no animal a limb too much, or which tended to its disadvantage, the speech" (says he) "seemed to chime in wonderfully with the feelings of most of my hearers ; and one very old man observed that, during the twenty-two years the English had held the district, he had not heard so grave and godly a saying from any of them." "I thought of Sancho Panza (adds the modest bishop) and his wise sayings, and regretted that, with my present knowledge of their language, I could not tell them any thing really

worth their hearing." Such things, however, were probably as profitably heard as more formal lessons might have been. His lordship's attendants, in their progress up the river, were often coming and asking leave of absence for a day or two, to visit parents or kindred residing near the banks. He gained much favour by the readiness with which he listened to such demands : the kindness seems never to have been abused ; and on one occasion he had the gratification to ascertain that an advance of a month's wages had been converted solely to the use and benefit of a poor groom's aged father and mother. A touching incident occurs very early in the voyage : he finds that a boatman set apart every day a certain portion of his rice, and bestowed it on the birds, saying, ' It is not I, but my child that feeds you.' He had lost an only son some years before, and the boy having been in the custom of feeding the birds in this way, the parent never omitted doing so at sunset, in his name. These are not people of whose feelings men can make light with impunity.

How well they appreciate, and how lastingly they remember, the benefits conferred on

them by kind and judicious functionaries, may be gathered from many examples scattered over Heber's journal. Thus, at Allahabad, when he asked, with a natural curiosity, which of the governors of India stood highest in the good opinion of the people, he found that, though Lord Wellesley and Warren Hastings were honoured as "the two greatest men that had ever ruled this part of the world," the people universally "spoke with much affection of Mr. Johnathan Duncan."—" *Duncan Sahib kha chota bace*; i. e. Mr. Duncan's younger brother, is still," he says, "the usual term of praise applied to any public man who appears to be actuated by an unusual spirit of kindness towards their nation." Again, at Boglipoor, he found the memory of Judge Cleveland, who died at the age of twenty-nine, in 1784, still fresh in honour: this able and eminent man did much for that district; he improved its husbandry, established bazaars, and, above all, instituted a police, which has been found lastingly effective in a region formerly noted for disorders. When he died, the chiefs of the hill country and the Mussulman gentry of the plain joined their contribu-

tions to erect a stately monument over his grave:

“As being raised to the memory of a Christian, (says Heber,) it is called a *Grieger*, i. e. a church; and the people still meet once a year in considerable numbers, and have a *Poojah*, or religious spectacle, in honour of his memory.”

Both Hindoos and Moslem have since contributed largely to pay similar honours to Heber himself; and his name, too, Christian bishop as he was, will be remembered in *poojahs* of its own.

Of the slow but distinct and undeniable diminution of the Anti-Christian prejudices of the natives, we have already had occasion to cite some proofs; we may here throw together a few of the many notices to the same purport which occur in the earlier part of Heber's Indian Journal. At vol. i. p. 219, (quarto edition,) we find Archdeacon Corrie applied to by a Brahmin of high rank, and, it is important to add, of much wealth, “to grant him an interview, that he might receive instruction in Christianity;” and, on the bishop's expressing some surprise at this occur-

rence, the archdeacon answers, "This is not the only indication I have met with in this quarter, of persons who seem not unwilling to inquire into religious subjects.—One of the hill-people at the school has declared, of his own accord, his intention of giving up Sunday to the worship of God; and there are several Hindoos and Mussulmans, who make no objection to eat victuals prepared by Christians, saying, that they think the Christians are as pure as themselves, and they are sure they are wiser."

At p. 288, where the bishop is describing his visitation of the schools established for the native youth at Benares, in which the Gospels are used as a school-book, we find the very able and intelligent governor of the place, who accompanied his lordship, stating as follows:—"That they had every reason to think that all the bigger boys, and many of the lesser ones, brought up at these schools, learned to despise idolatry and the Hindoo faith, less by any direct precept, for their teachers never name the subject to them, and in the Gospels, which are the only strictly religious books read, there are few, if any, allusions to

it, than from the disputations of the Mussulman and Hindoo boys among themselves, from the comparison which they soon learn to make between the system of worship which they themselves follow and ours, and above all, from the enlargement of mind which general knowledge and the pure morality of the Gospel have a tendency to produce. Many, both boys and girls, have asked for Baptism, but it has been always thought right to advise them to wait till they had their parents' leave, or were old enough to judge for themselves; and many have, of their own accord, begun daily to use the Lord's Prayer, and to desist from showing any honour to the image. Their parents seem extremely indifferent to their conduct in this respect. Prayer, or outward adoration, is not essential to caste. A man may believe what he pleases, nay, I understand, he may almost say what he pleases, without the danger of losing it, and so long as they are not baptized, neither eat nor drink in company with Christians or Pariars, all is well in the opinion of the great majority, even in Benares."

And lastly, at p. 514, we find the Bishop

himself recording his observation, after he had visited the country from Calcutta to Meerut, that in many places “*a sort of regard* seemed to be paid to *the Sabbath* by the natives.” And the particular instance that suggests the remark points to some *Brahmins*.—

“Of the way of performing these long journeys in India, I was myself (says the Bishop, in one of his letters to Mr. Wilmot Horton) very imperfectly informed before I came here; and, even then, it was long before I could believe how vast and cumbersome an apparatus of attendance and supplies of every kind was necessary, to travel in any degree of comfort or security. On the river, indeed, so long as that lasted, our progress was easy and pleasant, (bating a little heat and a few storms,) carried on by a strong south-eastern breeze, in a very roomy and comfortable boat, against the stream of a majestic body of water, with a breadth, during the rainy season, so high up as Patra, of from six to nine miles, and even above Patra, as far as Cawnpore, in no place narrower than the Mersey opposite Liverpool. But it is after leaving the Ganges for the land journey, that, if not the tug, yet no small part

of the *apparatus, proventus, et commectus* of war, commences. It has been my wish, on many accounts, to travel without unnecessary display. My tents, equipments, and number of servants, are all on the smallest scale which comfort or propriety would admit of. They all fall short of what are usually taken by the collectors of districts; and in comparison of what the commander-in-chief had with him the year before last, I have found people disposed to cry out against them as quite insufficient. Nor have I asked for a single soldier or trooper beyond what the commanding officers of districts have themselves offered as necessary and suitable. Yet, for myself and Dr. Smith, the united numbers amount to three elephants, above twenty camels, five horses, besides ponies for our principal servants, twenty-six servants, twenty-six bearers of burdens, fifteen clashees to pitch and remove tents, elephant and camel drivers, I believe, thirteen; and since we have left the Company's territories and entered Rajapootam, a guard of eighteen irregular horse, and forty-five sipahees on foot, including native officers. Nor is this all; for there is a

number of petty tradesmen and other poor people, whose road is the same as ours, and who have asked permission to encamp near us, and travel under our protection; so that yesterday, when I found it expedient, on account of the searcity which prevails in these provinces, to order an allowance of flour, by way of Sunday dinner, to every person in camp, the number of heads was returned one hundred and sixty-five. With all these formidable numbers, you must not, however, suppose that any exorbitant luxury reigns in my tent; our fare is, in fact, as homely as any two farmers in England sit down to; and, if it be sometimes *exuberant*, the fault must be laid on a country where we must take a whole sheep or kid, if we would have animal food at all, and where neither sheep nor kid will, when killed, remain eatable more than a day or two. The truth is, that where people carry every thing with them, tent, bed, furniture, wine, beer, and crockery, for six months together, no small quantity of beasts of burden may well be supposed necessary; and in countries such as those which I have now been traversing, where every man is armed; where

every third or fourth man, a few years since, was a thief by profession; and where, in spite of English influence and supremacy, the forests, mountains, and multitudes of petty sovereignties, afford all possible scope for the practical application of Wordsworth's 'good old rule,'—you may believe me, that it is neither pomp nor cowardice which has thus fenced your friend in with spears, shields, and bayonets.”*

In the course of this arduous pilgrimage from Calcutta to Bombay, he found occasions for preaching upwards of fifty times; and the sermon delivered on one of those occasions, at the consecration of a church near Benares, was printed at the request of the Europeans who heard it; and, though bearing marks of having been written in haste, fully justifies their discernment in having made that request. The following passage has much of the peculiar manner of the author of *Palestine*:—

“If the Israelites were endowed, beyond the nations of mankind, with wise and righteous

* Letter dated Barrechar, (Guzerat,) March, 14, 1825.

laws, with a fertile and almost impregnable territory, with a race of valiant and victorious kings, and a God who (while they kept his ways) was a wall of fire against their enemies round about them; if the kings of the wilderness did them homage, and the lion-banner of David and Solomon was reflected at once from the Mediterranean and the Euphrates—it was, that the way of the Lord might be made known by their means upon earth, and that the saving health of the Messiah might become conspicuous to all nations.

“ My brethren, it has pleased the Almighty, that the nation to which we ourselves belong, is a great, a valiant, and an understanding nation; it has pleased Him to give us an empire, in which the sun never sets—a commerce by which the remotest nations of the earth are become our allies, our tributaries, I had almost said our neighbours; and by means (when regarded as human means, and distinct from his mysterious providence) so inadequate, as to excite our alarm as well as wonder, the sovereignty over these wide and populous heathen lands. But is it for *our* sakes that he has given us these good gifts, and wrought these

great marvels in our favour? Are we not rather set up on high in the earth, that we may show forth the light by which we are guided, and be the honoured instruments of diffusing those blessings which we ourselves enjoy, through every land where our will is law, through every tribe where our wisdom is held in reverence, and in every distant isle which our winged vessels visit? If we value, then, (as who does not value?) our renown among mankind; if we exult (as who can help exulting?) in the privileges which the providence of God has conferred on the British nation; if we are thankful (and God forbid we should be otherwise) for the means of usefulness in our power; and if we love (as who does not love?) our native land, its greatness and prosperity,—let us see that we, each of us in our station, are promoting to the best of our power, by example, by exertion, by liberality, by the practice of Christian justice and every virtue, the extension of God's truth among men, and the honour of that holy name whereby we are called. There have been realms before as famous as our own, and (in relation to the then extent and riches of the civilized world) as

powerful and as wealthy, of which the traveller sees nothing now but ruins in the midst of a wilderness, or where the mariner only finds a rock for fishers to spread their nets. Nineveh once reigned over the East; but where is Nineveh now? Tyre had once the commerce of the world; but what is become of Tyre? But if the repentance of Nineveh had been persevered in, her towers would have stood to this day. Had the daughter of Tyre brought her gifts to the Temple of God, she would have continued a Queen forever."

This visitation gave the Bishop an opportunity of ascertaining the state and wants of the Christian congregations in the northern districts of his diocese, where in four principal places, Benares, Chunar, Merut, and Agra, he had the satisfaction of finding service performed in Hindostanee according to the Liturgy of the English Church; it also brought him acquainted with a race of men of a character far more manly than the Bengalese, dwelling, under native chiefs, among the mountains near Rajemahel, in the province of Bahar—not divided into castes, indifferent to the idolatries of the plains, and on every account

offering, as the Bishop thought, a very promising field for Christian teachers. He accordingly (by way of beginning) fixed a missionary at Boglipore, a place affording local advantages for the establishment of schools, for learning the language, and becoming acquainted with the heads of these clans, who appear to be a primitive race, protected by their fastnesses from much contact or intercourse with the invaders that, from time to time, have made India their own. The Bishop entertained a very sanguine hope that a conversion of no ordinary extent would be thus effected, and regarded the beginning thus made as doubly important, on account of the connection which, in all probability, exists between these tribes and the Goands and other nations of central India, whom they are said strongly to resemble in habits and character.

In a letter to one of his friends, written at the close of this extensive journey, the Bishop distinctly expresses his satisfaction that he had never, in the whole course of it, turned either to the right hand or to the left for the sake of gratifying curiosity—that he had travelled in his episcopal capacity, and allowed no other

objects to interfere with those which were pressed on him by the character of his functions. But no accomplished Englishman, far less a deeply read and deeply thinking scholar like Heber, could traverse these regions without having his attention called to many objects, which may not, at first sight, appear to have been, in his case, professional. The whole state and condition, however, of the Indian population, it was, in fact, most strictly and sacredly his duty to study; and how successfully he carried his talents to this object we have in our power to show, by some passages from his MS. correspondence. The letter, from which we are about to quote, was written in March, 1825; and addressed to one of his oldest and most intimate friends,—a gentleman, not of his own profession, but engaged in the business of the world, and the duties of a high public station.*

“ Though the greater part of the Company’s provinces (except Kumaon) are by no means abundant in objects of natural beauty or curiosity, the prospect offering little else than an

* Right Hon. R. W. Horton, then Under-Secretary of State in the Colonial Department.

uniform plain of slovenly cultivation, yet, in the character and manners of the people, there is much which may be studied with interest and amusement; and in the yet remaining specimen of oriental luxury and pomp at Lucknow; in the decayed, but most striking and romantic, magnificence of Delhi; and in the Taj-Mahal of Agra, (doubtless one of the most beautiful buildings in the world,) there is almost enough, even of themselves, to make it worth a man's while to cross the Atlantic and India Oceans.

“ Since then I have been in countries of a wilder character, comparatively seldom trodden by Europeans, exempt during the greater part of their history from the Mussulman yoke, and retaining accordingly a great deal of the simplicity of early Hindoo manners, without much of that solemn and pompous uniformity which the conquests of the house of Timur seem to have impressed on all classes of their subjects. Yet here there is much which is interesting and curious. The people, who are admirably described (though I think in too favourable colours) by Malcolm, in his Central India, are certainly a lively, animated, and warlike race of men, though, chiefly from their wretched

government, and partly from their still more wretched religion, there is hardly any vice, either of slaves or robbers, to which they do not seem addicted. Yet such a state of society is at least curious, and resembles more the picture of Abyssinia as given by Bruce, than that of any other country which I have seen or read of; while here too there are many wild and woody scenes, which, though they want the glorious glaciers and peaks of the Himalaya, do not fall short in natural beauty of some of the loveliest glens which we went through ten years ago in North Wales; and some very remarkable ruins, which, though greatly inferior as works of art to the Mussulman remains in Hindoostân Proper, are yet more curious than them, as being more different from anything which an European is accustomed to see or read of.

“ One fact, indeed, during this journey, has been impressed on my mind very forcibly—that the character and situation of the natives of these great countries are exceedingly little known, and in many instances grossly misrepresented, not only by the English public in general, but by a great proportion of those also

who, though they have been in India, have taken their views of its population, manners, and productions from Calcutta, or at most from Bengal. I had always heard, and fully believed till I came to India, that it was a grievous crime, in the opinion of the Brahmins, to eat the flesh or shed the blood of any living creature whatever. I have now myself seen Brahmins of the highest caste cut off the heads of goats as a sacrifice to Doorga; and I know, from the testimony of Brahmins, as well as from other sources, that not only hecatombs of animals are often offered in this manner as a most meritorious act, (a Raja, about twenty-five years back, offered sixty thousand in one fortnight,) but that any person, Brahmins not excepted, eats readily of the flesh of whatever has been offered up to one of their divinities; while among almost all the other castes, mutton, pork, fish, venison,—anything but beef and fowls,—are consumed as readily as in Europe. Again, I had heard all my life of the gentle and timid Hindoos, patient under injuries, servile to their superiors, &c. Now, this is doubtless, to a certain extent, true of the Bengalese, (who, by the way, are never

reckoned among the nations of Hindoostân by those who speak the language of that country,) and there are a great many people in Calcutta who maintain that all the natives of India are alike. But even in Bengal, gentle as the exterior manners of the people are, there are large districts close to Calcutta, where the work of carding, burning, ravishing, murder, and robbery, goes on as systematically, and in nearly the same manner, as in the worst part of Ireland; and on entering Hindoostân, properly so called, which, in the estimate of the natives, reaches from the Rajamahall hills to Agra, and from the mountains of Kumaon to Bundelcund, I was struck and surprised to find a people equal in stature and strength to the average of European nations, despising rice and rice-eaters, feeding on wheat and barley-bread, exhibiting in their appearance, conversation, and habits of life, a grave, a proud, and decidedly a martial character, accustomed universally to the use of arms and athletic exercises from their cradles, and preferring very great military service to any other means of livelihood. This part of their character, but in a ruder and wilder form, and debased by

much alloy of treachery and violence, is conspicuous in the smaller and less good-looking inhabitants of Rajapootam and Malwah; while the mountains and woods, wherever they occur, show specimens of a race entirely different from all these, and in a state of society scarcely less elevated above the savages of New Holland, or New Zealand; and the inhabitants, I am assured, of the Deccan, and of the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay, are as different from those which I have seen, and from each other, as the French and Portuguese from the Greeks, Germans, or Poles. So idle is it to ascribe uniformity of character to the inhabitants of a country so extensive, and subdivided by so many almost impassable tracts of mountain and jungle, and so little do the majority of those whom I have seen deserve the gentle and imbecile character often assigned to them.

“I met, not long since, with a speech by a leading member of the Scotch General Assembly, declaring his ‘conviction that the truths of Christianity could not be received by men in so rude a state as the East Indians, and that it was necessary to give them first a relish for the habits and comforts of civilized life

before they could embrace the truths of the Gospel.' The same slang (for it is nothing more) I have seen repeated in divers pamphlets, and even heard it in conversations in Calcutta. Yet though it is certainly true that the lower classes of Indians are miserably poor, and that there are many extensive districts where, both among low and high, the laws are very little obeyed, and there is a great deal of robbery, oppression, and even ferocity, I know no part of the population, except the mountain tribes already mentioned, who can with any propriety of language be called uncivilized. Of the unpropitious circumstances which I have mentioned, the former arises from a population continually pressing on the utmost limits of subsistence, and which is thus kept up, not by any dislike or indifference to a better diet, or more ample clothing, or more numerous ornaments, than now usually fall to the peasant's share, (for, on the contrary, if he has the means, he is fonder of external show and a respectable appearance, than those of his rank in many nations of Europe,) but by the foolish superstition, which Christianity only is likely to remove, which makes a parent

regard it as unpropitious to allow his son to remain unmarried, and which couples together children of twelve or fourteen years of age. The second has its origin in the long-continued misfortunes and intestine wars of India, which are as yet too recent (even where their causes have ceased to exist) for the agitation which they occasioned to have entirely sunk into a calm. But to say that the Hindoos or Mussulmans are deficient in any essential feature of a civilized people, is an assertion which I can scarcely suppose to be made by any who have lived with them. Their manners are at least as pleasing and courteous as those in the corresponding stations of life among ourselves; their houses are larger, and, according to their wants and climate, to the full as convenient as ours; their architecture is at least as elegant; and though the worthy Scotch divine may doubtless wish their labourers to be clad in hoddin grey, and their gentry and merchants to wear powder and mottled stockings, like worthy Mr. ——— and the other elders of his kirk-session, I really do not think that they would gain either in cleanliness, elegance, or comfort, by exchanging a white cotton robe for the completest suit of dittos.

“Nor is it true, that, in the mechanic arts, they are inferior to the general run of European nations. Where they fall short of *us*, (which, is chiefly in agricultural implements and the mechanics of common life,) they are not, so far as I have understood of Italy and the South of France, surpassed in any great degree by the people of those countries. Their goldsmiths and weavers produce as beautiful fabrics as our own, and it is so far from true, that they are obstinately wedded to their old patterns, that they show an anxiety to imitate our models, and to imitate them very successfully. The ships built by native artists at Bombay are notoriously as good as any which sail from London or Liverpool. The carriages and gigs which they supply at Calcutta are as handsome, though not so durable, as those of Long Acre. In the little town of Monghyr, three hundred miles from Calcutta, I had pistols, double-barrelled guns, and different pieces of cabinet work brought down to my boat for sale, which in outward form, (for I know no further,) nobody but perhaps Mr. ——— could detect to be of Hindoo origin ; and at Delhi, in the shop of

a wealthy native jeweller, I found brooches, ear-rings, snuff-boxes, &c. of the latest models, (so far as I am a judge,) and ornamented with French devices and mottos.

“ The fact is, that there is a degree of intercourse maintained between this country and Europe, and a degree of information existing among the people as to what passes there, which, considering how few of them speak or read English, implies other channels of communication besides those which we supply, and respecting which I have been able as yet to obtain very little information.

“ Among the presents sent last year to the supreme government by the little state of Ladeh, in Chinese Tartary, some large sheets of gilt leather, stamped with the Russian eagle, were the most conspicuous. A traveller, who calls himself a Transylvanian, but who is shrewdly suspected of being a Russian spy, was, when I was in Kumaoon, arrested by the commandant of one of our fortresses among the Himmalaya mountains ; and, after all our pains to exclude foreigners from the service of the native princes, two Chevaliers of the Legion of Honour were found, about

twelve months ago, and are still employed in, casting cannon, and drilling soldiers for the Seik Raja, Runjeet Singh. This, you will say, is no more than we should be prepared to expect ; but you probably would not suppose, (what I believe is little, if at all, known in Russia itself,) that there is an ancient and still frequented place of Hindoo pilgrimage not many miles from Moscow;—or that the Secretary of the Calcutta Bible Society received, ten months ago, an application (by whom translated I do not know, but in very tolerable English) from some priests on the shore of the Caspian Sea, requesting a grant of Armenian Bibles. After this, you will be the less surprised to learn that the leading events of the late wars in Europe (particularly Buonaparte's victories) were often known, or at least rumoured, among the native merchants of Calcutta, before government received any accounts from England ; or that the suicide of an English minister (with the mistake, indeed, of its being Lord Liverpool instead of the Marquis of Londonderry) had become a topic of conversation in the ' Burra Bazar,' (the native exchange,) for a fortnight

before the arrival of any intelligence by the usual channels.

“ With subjects thus inquisitive, and with such opportunities of information, it is apparent how little sense there is in the doctrine that we must keep the natives of Hindostan in ignorance if we would continue to govern them. The fact is, that they know enough already to do us a great deal of mischief, if they should find it their interest to make the trial. They are in a fair way, by degrees, to acquire still more knowledge for themselves ; and the question is, whether it is not the part of wisdom, as well as duty, to superintend and promote their education while it is yet in our power, and supply them with such knowledge as will be at once most harmless to ourselves and most useful to them.

“ In this work the most important part is to give them a better religion. Knowing how strongly I feel on this subject, you will not be surprised at my placing it foremost. But even if Christianity were out of the question, and if, when I had wheeled away the rubbish of the old pagodas, I had nothing better than simple Deism to erect in their stead, I should still feel

some of the anxiety which now urges me. It is necessary to *see* idolatry, to be fully sensible of its mischievous effects on the human mind. But of all idolatries which I have ever read or heard of, the religion of the Hindoos, in which I have taken some pains to inform myself, really appears to me the worst, both in the degrading notions which it gives of the Deity; in the endless round of its burdensome ceremonies, which occupy the time and distract the thoughts, without either instructing or interesting its votaries; in the filthy acts of uncleanness and cruelty not only permitted but enjoined, and inseparably interwoven with those ceremonies; in the system of castes, a system which tends, more than anything else the Devil has yet invented, to destroy the feelings of general benevolence, and to make nine-tenths of mankind the hopeless slaves of the remainder; and in the total absence of any popular system of morals, or any single lesson, which the people at large ever hear, to live virtuously and do good to each other. I do not say, indeed, that there are not some scattered lessons of this kind to be found in their ancient books; but those books are nei-

ther accessible to the people at large, nor are these last permitted to read them; and, in general, all the sins which a Sudra is taught to fear, are, killing a cow, offending a Brahmin, or neglecting one of the many frivolous rites by which their deities are supposed to be conciliated. Accordingly, though the general sobriety of the Hindoos (a virtue which they possess in common with most inhabitants of warm climates) affords a very great facility to the maintenance of public order and decorum, I really never have met with a race of men whose standard of morality is so low, who feel so little apparent shame in being detected in a falsehood, or so little interest in the sufferings of a neighbour not being of their own caste or family; whose ordinary and familiar conversation is so licentious; or, in the wilder and more lawless districts, who shed blood with so little repugnance. The good qualities which there are among them (and, thank God! there is a great deal of good among them still) are, in no instance that I am aware of, connected with, or arising out of, their religion, since it is in no instance to good deeds or virtuous habits of life that the future re-

wards in which they believe are promised. Their bravery, their fidelity to their employers, their temperance, and (wherever these are found) their humanity and gentleness of disposition, appear to arise exclusively from a natural happy temperament; from an honourable pride in their own renown, and the renown of their ancestors; and from the goodness of God, who seems unwilling that his image should be entirely defaced even in the midst of the grossest error. The Mussulmans have a far better creed; and though they seldom either like the English or are liked by them, I am inclined to think are, on the whole, a better people. Yet, even with them, the forms of their worship have a natural tendency to make men hypocrites, and the overweening contempt with which they are inspired for all the world beside, the degradation of their women by the system of polygamy, and the detestable crimes, which, owing to this degradation, are almost universal, are such as, even if I had no ulterior hope, would make me anxious to attract them to a better or more harmless system. In this work, thank God! in those parts of India

which I have visited, a beginning has been made, and a degree of success obtained, at least commensurate to the few years during which our missionaries have laboured; and it is still going on, in the best and safest way, as the work of private persons alone, and although not forbidden, in no degree encouraged, by government.

“ In the meantime, and as an useful auxiliary to the missionaries, the establishment of elementary schools, for the lower classes and for females, is going on to a very great extent, and might be carried to any conceivable extent to which our pecuniary means would carry us. Nor is there any measure from which I anticipate more speedy benefit than the elevation of the rising generation of females to their natural rank in society, and giving them (which is all that, in any of our schools, we as yet venture to give) the lessons of general morality extracted from the Gospel, without any direct religious instruction. These schools, such of them at least as I have any concern with, are carried on without any help from government. Government has, however, been very liberal in its grants

both to a Society for National Education, and in the institution and support of two colleges of Hindoo students of riper age, the one at Benares, the other at Calcutta. But I do not think any of these institutions, in the way after which they are at present conducted, likely to do much good. In the elementary schools supported by the former, through a very causeless and ridiculous fear of giving offence to the natives, they have forbidden the use of the Scriptures, or any extracts from them, though the moral lessons of the Gospel are read by all Hindoos who can get hold of them, without scruple and with much attention ; and though their exclusion is tantamount to excluding all moral instruction from their schools, the Hindoo sacred writings having nothing of the kind, and, if they had, being shut up from the majority of the people by the double fence of a dead language and an actual prohibition to read them, as too holy for common eyes or ears. The defects of the latter will appear when I have told you that the actual state of Hindoo and Mussulman literature, *mutatis mutandis*, very nearly resembles what the literature of Europe was before the time

of Galileo, Copernicus, and Bacon. The Mussulmans take their Logic from Aristotle, filtered through many successive translations and commentaries, and their metaphysical system is professedly derived from Plato ('Filatoun.') The Hindoos have systems not very dissimilar from these, though, I am told, of greater length and more intricacy; but the studies in which they spend most time are the acquisition of the Sanscrit, and the endless refinements of its grammar, prosody and poetry. Both have the same natural philosophy, which is also that of Aristotle in zoology and botany, and Ptolemy in astronomy, for which the Hindoos have forsaken their most ancient notions of the seven seas, the six earths, and the flat base of Padalon, supported on the back of a tortoise. By the science which they now possess, they are, some of them, able to foretel an eclipse or compose an almanac; and many of them derive some little pecuniary advantage from pretensions to judicial astrology. In medicine and chemistry they are just sufficiently advanced to talk of substances being moist, dry, hot, &c. in the third or fourth degree; to dissuade from letting blood or phy-

sicking on a Tuesday, or under a particular aspect of the heavens; and to be eager in their pursuit of the philosopher's stone and the elixir of immortality.

“The task of enlightening the studious youth of such a nation would seem to be a tolerably straightforward one. But though, for the college in Calcutta, (not *Bishop's College* remember, but the Vidhalya, or Hindoo College,) an expensive set of instruments has been sent out, and it seems intended that the natural sciences should be studied there, the Managers of the present institution take care that their boys should have as little time as possible for such pursuits, by requiring from them all, without exception, a laborious study of Sanscrit, and all the useless and worse than useless literature of their ancestors. A good deal of this has been charged (and in some little degree charged with justice) against the exclusive attention paid to Greek and Logic till lately in Oxford. But in Oxford we have never been guilty (since a better system was known in the world at large) of teaching the *Physics* of Aristotle, however we may have paid an excessive attention to his *Metaphysics*

and *Dialectics*. In Benares, however, I found in the institution supported by Government, a professor lecturing on astronomy after the system of Ptolemy and Albumazar, while one of the most forward boys was at the pains of casting my horscope; and the majority of the school were toiling at Shanscreeet grammar. And yet, the day before, in the same holy city, I had visited another college, founded lately by a wealthy Hindoo banker, and intrusted by him to the management of the Church Missionary Society, in which, besides a grammatical knowledge of the Hindostanee language, as well as Persian and Arabic, the senior boys could pass a good examination in English grammar, in Hume's History of England, Joyce's Scientific Dialogues, the use of the globes, and the principal facts and moral precepts of the Gospel, most of them writing beautifully in the Persian, and very tolerably in the English, character, and excelling most boys I have met with in the accuracy and readiness of their arithmetic. The English officer who is now in charge of the Benares Vidhalya is a clever and candid young man, and under him I look forward to much im-

provement. Ram-Mohun-Roy, a learned native, who has sometimes been called, though I fear without reason, a Christian, remonstrated against this system last year, in a paper which he sent to me to put into Lord Amherst's hands, and which, for its good English, good sense, and forcible argument, is a real curiosity, as coming from an Asiatic."

In another part of the same letter, the Bishop treats incidentally of a topic with their inattention to which both Professor Von Schlegel and his brother have bitterly reproached the English—the architectural antiquities of Hindostan.

"I had myself (says he) heard much of these before I set out, and had met with many persons, both in Europe and at Calcutta (where nothing of the kind exists) who spoke of the present natives of India as a degenerate race, whose inability to rear such splendid piles was a proof that these last belong to a remote antiquity. I have seen, however, enough to convince me both that the Indian masons and architects of the present day only want patrons sufficiently wealthy or sufficiently zealous to do all which their fathers have done, and that

there are very few structures here which can, on any satisfactory grounds, be referred to a date so early as the greater part of our own cathedrals. Often, in Upper Hindoostân, and still more frequently in Rajapootam and Malwah, I have met with new and unfinished shrines, cisterns, and ghâts, as beautifully carved and as well proportioned as the best of those of an earlier day. And though there are many buildings and ruins which exhibit a most venerable appearance, there are many causes in this country which give this appearance prematurely. In the first instance we ourselves have a complex impression made on us by the sight of edifices so distant from our own country, and so unlike whatever we have seen there. We multiply, as it were, the geographical and moral distance into the chronological, and can hardly persuade ourselves that we are contemporaries with an object so far removed in every other respect. Besides this, however, the firmest masonry in these climates is sorely tried by the alternate influence of a pulverizing sun and a continued three months' rain. The wild fig-tree (*pupul* or *ficus religiosa*,) which no Hindoo can root out, or even

lop, without a deadly sin, soon sows its seeds and fixes its roots in the joints of the arching, and being of rapid growth, at the same time, and in a very few years, increases its picturesque and antique appearance, and secures its eventual destruction; lastly, no man in this country repairs or completes what his father has begun, preferring to begin something else by which his own name may be remembered. Accordingly, at Dacca are many fine ruins, which at first impressed me with a great idea of their age. Yet Dacca is a modern city, founded, or at least raised from insignificance, under Shah Gehanghise, in A. D. 1608; and the tradition of the place is, that these fine buildings were erected by European architects in the service of the then governor. At Benares, the principal temple has an appearance so venerable, that one might suppose it to have stood unaltered ever since the Treta Yug, and that Mena and Capila had performed austerities within its precincts. Yet it is historically certain that all the Hindoo temples of consequence in Benares were pulled down by Aurungzebe, the contemporary of Charles the Second, and that the present structure

must have been raised since that time. The observatories of Benares, Delhi, and Jagepoor, I heard spoken of in the carelessness of conversation, not only as extremely curious in themselves (which they certainly are,) but as monuments of the *ancient* science of the Hindoos. All three, however, are known to be the work of the Rajah Jye Singh, who died in 1742!

“A remote antiquity is, with better reason, claimed for some idols of black stone, and elegant columns of the same material, which have been collected in different parts of the districts of Rotas, Bulnem, &c.—These belong to the religion of a sect (the Boodhists) of which no remains are now found in those provinces. But I have myself seen images exactly similar in the newly erected temples of the Jains, a sect of Boodhists, still wealthy and numerous in Guzerat, Rajapootam, and Malwah; and in a country where there is literally no history, it is impossible to say how long since, or how lately, they may have lost their ground in the more eastern parts of Gundwana.

“In the wilds which I have lately been tra-

versing, at Chittore Ghur more particularly, there are some very beautiful buildings, of which the date was obviously assigned at random, and which might be five hundred or one thousand, or a hundred-and-fifty years old, for all their present guardians know about the matter. But it must be always borne in mind that one thousand years are just as easily said as ten, and that in the mouth of a Cicerone they are sometimes thought to sound rather better.

“The oldest things which I have seen, of which the dates could be at all ascertained, are some detached blocks of marble, with inscriptions, but of no appalling remoteness; and two remarkable pillars of black mixed metal, in a Patan forest near Delhi, and at Crttab-Misar in the same neighbourhood; both covered with inscriptions, which nobody can now read, but both mentioned in Mussulman history as in their present situation at the time when ‘the Believers’ conquered Delhi, about A. D. 1000. But what is this to the date of the Parthenon? Or how little can these trifling relics bear a comparison with the works of Greece and Egypt?

“ Ellora and Elephanta I have not yet seen. I can believe all which is said of their size and magnificence; but they are without date or inscription: they are, I understand, not mentioned, even incidentally, in any Sanscrit MS. Their images, &c. are the same with those now worshipped in every part of India, and there have been many Rajahs and wealthy individuals in every age of Indian history who have possessed the means of carving a huge stone-quarry into a cathedral. To our cathedrals, after all, they are, I understand, very inferior in size. All which can be known is, that Elephanta must probably have been begun (whether it was ever finished seems very doubtful) before the arrival of the Portuguese at Bombay; and that Ellora may reasonably be concluded to have been erected in a time of peace under a Hindoo prince, and therefore either before the first Affghan conquest, or subsequently, during the recovered independence of that part of Candeish and the Deccan. This is no great matter certainly, and it *may* be older; but all I say is, that we have no reason to conclude it is so, and the impression on my mind decidedly accords with Mill—that the

Hindoos, after all, though they have doubtless existed from very great antiquity as an industrious and civilized people, had made no great progress in the arts, and took all their notions of magnificence from the models furnished by their Mahometan conquerors.” ’

From Meerut the Bishop continued his journey to Bombay—

‘ His sojourn there (says a writer already cited*) was rendered somewhat remarkable by the arrival, nearly at the same time, of a bishop from Antioch, to superintend that part of the Syrian Church which refuses allegiance to the Pope. After a suspension, for some years, of all intercourse with the country from which its faith originally sprung, and which in later times, by a fresh supply of ministers, had enabled it to throw off, in a great measure, the usurpations of the church of Rome enforced by the Portuguese, it was now destined to rejoice once more in a nursing-father from Syria. The favourable disposition of this branch of the Syro-Malabaric church towards our own had long been known. It is a curi-

* Quarterly Review, No. LXX.

ous fact, however, and one that may be new to our readers, that Principal Mill, in 1822, found their college and parochial schools at Cottayam, under the direction of three clergymen of the Church of England, who, without compromising their own views, gave no offence to the Metropolitan, who consulted and employed them; using for themselves and their own families the English Liturgy at one of his chapels; and condemning by their silence those portions of the Syrian ritual which, as Protestants, they could not approve and which they trusted the gradual influence of the knowledge they were helping to disseminate would at length, and by regular authority, undermine. Nor was this friendly feeling less conspicuous in the readiness with which Mar Athanasius (the Syrian prelate) attended the service at Bombay according to the English forms, and received the communion at the hands of Bishop Heber. Neither was it likely to be diminished by a small viaticum for the prosecution of his journey to Malabar, and a donation to the poor students in theology at Cottayam, which the Bishop was enabled to bestow from the bounty of the Christian Knowledge Society,—an ap-

plication of their funds which, if disapproved—(he writes with his usual modesty and disinterestedness) “I will most cheerfully replace.”

‘Ceylon, which Heber next visited, might seem to be a paradise on earth. Gentle undulations of what in England might be called well-dressed lawn (we speak of the S. W. quarter)—rivers rapid, deep, clear—cocoa-palms peeping forth from vast tracts of jungle, and marking to an experienced eye the site of some sequestered village—mountain-sierras of no inconsiderable height, and of shapes the most fantastic—plants of all hues, the choicest ornaments of an English hot-house—precious stones of every variety, unless, perhaps, the emerald;—such are some of the riches of Ceylon. But the picture has its deep shadows. Along the borders of those romantic streams there lurks an air, that no man can breathe long, and live;—a fact the more remarkable, as the tanks or standing pools of the same country are said to exhale an atmosphere of health, and to one of these Kandy has been supposed to owe its comparative salubrity. Snakes and other reptiles are so

abundant, so active, and so deadly, that but few birds are seen, and for the songsters of an English grove, the traveller must be content to receive in exchange "apes that howl and chatter at him," as if the island were Prospero's. Female infanticide is reported to prevail in some districts to a considerable extent; and we can easily believe this of a country in which several brothers of the same family are accustomed to share the same wife; and, to crown all, at night the blaze of the sacrifice, the dance, and the drum, proclaim that those who worship at all, worship the devil. Yet, with all this, the island holds out a prospect of better things. The noble experiment of Sir Alexander Johnstone, as to the introduction of a species of jury trial, appears to have been crowned with most encouraging success. The prejudice of caste is far less powerful than on the continent; and the Dutch had long ago established in it a system of parochial schools and parochial preaching, which, though for some time fallen into decay, the Bishop hoped, with the concurrence of government, which he solicited, to restore to more than former usefulness, and connect

with the national church. Meanwhile, as a secondary measure, he moved the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge to establish one or more central schools in the islands, for the board and education of a certain number of native Christian youths, who might thus be qualified to act as schoolmasters; and, in case of promising talents, become recruits for the college at Calcutta, thence to return in due time, and shed blessings on their native island. Before quitting Ceylon, the Bishop paid a visit to Kandy—a spot where the honour of England suffered a stain, and which our troops must have taken possession of once more, with feelings not unlike those of the army of Germanicus, when they reached the secluded scene where the legends of Varus had left their bones to whiten. Little, indeed, could it have been thought, twelve years before, that a capital which was then the den of the most bloodthirsty and treacherous savage that ever disgraced a throne, and in whom, if his subjects must needs have a devil to adore, they might have found him to their hands, was destined so soon to be the peaceful abode of a Christian minister, and the resting place of a most Christian bishop.’

CHAPTER VIII.

Return to Calcutta—Second Visitation—The Bishop at Madras—at Tanjore—at Trichinopoly—Death of Heber.

AFTER an absence of about fifteen months, in October, 1825, he again arrived at Calcutta, where he remained long enough to make his reports to England—to preside at meetings where his presence was required—to hold an ordination, and, what was of no small importance, to promote the building of a church in the native town at Calcutta, where service might be performed by the missionaries on the spot, or in the neighbourhood, in the Bengalee and Hindostanee languages, according to the Liturgy of the Church of England. Such a measure had been adopted elsewhere with the happiest effects, amongst the Hindoos, a people remarkably alive to what is graceful and decorous in external worship; and here, it was hoped, might prevent the few right ideas, which the youths had gathered at the schools,

or in the perusal of Christian books, from being entirely effaced by the idolatrous practices they were daily condemned to witness.

This done, the Bishop hastened to Madras, a presidency which he had reserved for a separate visitation, and wherein it was ordained that he should end his course. On Good Friday he preached at Combaconum on the Crucifixion; and on Easter Sunday, at Tanjore, on the Resurrection. The day following he held a confirmation at the same place; and in the evening delivered an address to the assembled missionaries, as he stood near the grave of Schwartz, a name which he had ever venerated. He arrived at Trichinopoly on the first of April, 1826, and the same evening wrote a letter, of which the following is a part:—

“I have been passing the last four days in the society of a Hindoo Prince, the Rajah of Tanjore, who quotes Fourcroy, Lavoisier, Linnæus, and Buffon, as fluently as Lady Morgan—has formed a more accurate judgment of the poetical merits of Shakspeare than that so felicitously expressed by Lord Byron—and has actually emitted English poetry

very superior indeed to Rosseau's Epitaph on Shenstone—at the same time that he is much respected by the English officers in the neighbourhood as a real good judge of a horse, and a cool, bold, and deadly shot at a tyger. The truth is, that he is an extraordinary man, who, having in early youth received such an education as old Schwartz, the celebrated missionary, could give him, has ever since continued, in the midst of many disadvantages, to preserve his taste for, and extend his knowledge of, European literature—while he has never neglected the active exercises and frank soldiery bearing which become the descendant of the old Mahratta conquerors, and by which only, in the present state of things, he has it in his power to gratify the prejudices of his people, and prolong his popularity among them. Had he lived in the days of Hyder, he would have been a formidable ally or enemy, for he is, by the testimony of all in his neighbourhood, bold, popular, and insinuating. At present, with less power than an English nobleman, he holds his head high, and appears contented; and the print of Buonaparte which hangs in his library is so neutralized by that

of Lord Hastings in full costume, that it can do no harm to any body. . . . To finish the portrait of Maha Rajah Sarboju, I should tell you that he is a strong-built and very handsome middle-aged man, with eyes and nose like a fine hawk, and very bushy gray mustachios—generally very splendidly dressed, but with no effeminacy of ornament, and looking and talking more like a favourable specimen of a French general officer than any other object of comparison which occurs to me. His son, Rajah Sewaju (so named after their great ancestor) is a pale, sickly lad of seventeen, who also speaks English, but imperfectly, and on whose account his father lamented, with much apparent concern, the impossibility which he had found of obtaining any tolerable instruction in Tanjore. I was moved at this, and offered to take him with me in my present tour, and afterwards to Calcutta, where he might have apartments in my house, and be introduced into good English society; at the same time, that I would superintend his studies, and procure for him the best masters which India affords. The father and son, in different ways, the one catching at the idea

with great eagerness, the other as if he were afraid to say all he wished, seemed both very well pleased with the proposal. Both, however, on consulting together, expressed a doubt of the mother's concurrence; and, accordingly, next day, I had a very civil message, through the Resident, that the Rannee had already lost two sons; that this survivor was a sickly boy; that she was sure he would not come back alive, and it would kill her to part with him; but that all the family joined in gratitude, &c. &c.

“ So poor Sewaju must chew betel, and sit in the Zenanah, and pursue the other amusements of the common race of Hindoo Princes, until he is gathered to those heroic forms, who, girded with long swords, with hawks on their wrists, and garments like those of the king of spades (whose portrait painter, as I guess, has been retained for this family,) adorn the principal room in the palace. Sarboju (the father) has not trusted his own immortality to records like these; he has put up a colossal marble statue of himself by Flaxman, in one of his halls of audience, and his figure is introduced on the monument (also by Flax-

man) which he has raised in the mission church to the memory of his tutor, Schwartz, as grasping the hand of the dying saint, and receiving his blessing.

“Of Schwartz and his fifty years’ labour among the heathen, the extraordinary influence and popularity which he acquired, both with Mussulmans, Hindoos, and contending European governments, I need give you no account, except that my idea of him has been raised since I came into the south of India. I used to suspect that, with many admirable qualities, there was too great a mixture of intrigue in his character, that he was too much of a political prophet, and that the veneration which the heathen paid, and still pay him, (and which, indeed, almost regards him as a superior being, putting crowns and burning lights before his statue,) was purchased by some unwarrantable compromise with their prejudices. I find I was quite mistaken. He was really one of the most active and fearless (as he was one of the most successful) missionaries who have appeared since the Apostles. To say that he was disinterested in regard to money is nothing; he was perfectly careless of power, and renown never seemed to affect him even

so far as to induce an outward show of humility. His temper was perfectly simple, open, and cheerful; and in his political negotiations (employments which he never sought, but which fell in his way) he never pretended to impartiality, but acted as the avowed, though certainly the successful and judicious agent of the orphan prince intrusted to his care, and from attempting whose conversion to Christianity he seems to have abstained, from a feeling of honour. His other converts were between six and seven thousand, besides those which his predecessors and companions in the cause had brought over. The number is gradually increasing, and there are now in the south of India about two hundred Protestant congregations, the numbers of which have been sometimes vaguely stated at forty thousand. I doubt whether they reach fifteen thousand; but even this, all things considered, is a great number. The Roman Catholics are considerably more numerous, but belong to a lower caste of Indians, (for even these Christians retain many prejudices of caste,) and in point of knowledge and morality, are said to be extremely inferior.

“The Brahmins, being limited to voluntary votaries, have now often very hard work to speed the ponderous wheels of Suon and Bali through the deep lanes of this fertile country. This is, however, still the most favoured land of Brahminism, and the temples are larger and more beautiful than any which I have seen in Northern India. They are also decidedly older; but as to their very remote age, I am still incredulous.”

‘The date of this letter gives it a melancholy interest. It was probably the last that this admirable man wrote. Next day being Sunday, he again preached and confirmed, a rite which he administered once more on Monday morning (April the 3d, 1826) in the Fort Church. He returned home to breakfast; but before sitting down, took a cold-bath, as he had done the two preceding days. His attendant, thinking that he stayed more than the usual time, entered the apartment, and found the body at the bottom of the water, with the face downwards. The usual restoratives of bleeding, friction, and inflating the lungs, were instantly tried; but life was gone: and, on opening the head, it was discovered

that a vessel had burst on the brain, in consequence, as the medical men agreed, of the sudden plunge into the water whilst he was warm and exhausted. His remains were deposited, with every mark of respect and unfeigned sorrow, on the north side of the altar of St. John's church at Trichinopoly.

‘The disastrous intelligence of his decease was communicated with every caution to his unfortunate widow (who had been left at Calcutta with her two children) by her relation, Lord Combermere. She is left to mourn an irreparable loss, but not without that resignation and acquiescence in the will of Providence, which the precepts and example of her husband were so calculated to inspire and confirm in her mind.

‘True it is (says the same writer*) that an apparent accident was the immediate cause of the abrupt termination of the Bishop's life, but it may well be thought that his constitution was becoming more frail and susceptible of injury through his unremitted exertions—exertions which he was led to make by habits

* Quarterly Review, No. LXX.

formed in a more temperate climate—by a fear which beset him of sinking into that supineness which a residence in India is so apt to engender—and by a spirit thoroughly interested in the pursuit of the great object before him. So long as this immense portion of the globe, extending from St. Helena to New Holland, is consigned to the ecclesiastical superintendence of one man, and that one man is not deterred from doing his best by the impossibility of doing much, it is to be feared there must be a certain waste of valuable life; for what European, arriving in India at the age which a bishop has usually reached before he obtains his appointment, is likely to preserve his health long, in the midst of the disquietudes attending a new establishment—remote from the mother country—incomplete in its subordinate parts—in its fruits perpetually disappointing the hopes and efforts of the labourer—whilst to all this must be added, the extreme difficulty (to say the least of it) of timing all the journeys right, where so many, and of such length, must be made, and of always selecting for them those seasons of the year, and those hours of the day, which are least deadly.

‘ Thus died this faithful servant of God, in the 43d year of his age, and the third of his episcopacy, labouring to the last in the cause that was nearest his heart, and, like Fletcher of Madely, almost expiring in the very act of duty. The world may honour his memory as it will, though such as were best acquainted with him can scarcely hope that it should do him justice; for he had attached himself to no party, either in church or state, and therefore had secured no party-advocates; and of forms, by which mankind at large (for the want of less fallacious means of estimating character) are almost compelled to abide, he was not, perhaps, a very diligent observer: but in India a strong sense of his worth has manifested itself, as it were by acclamation. At Madras, a meeting was held, a few days after his death, in the Government Gardens, the excellent Sir Thomas Munro in the chair, where to say that lamentation was made over him would be a weak word—there was a burst of affectionate feeling, which proves, were proof wanting, how grievous a loss the cause of Christianity has sustained in the removal of an advocate whose heart and head were equally fitted to recom-

mend it. A subscription was forthwith commenced on a scale of Indian munificence, for a monument, to be erected to him in St. George's church; and this was taken up with the warmest zeal everywhere, and among all ranks and conditions of men throughout the presidency.* At Bombay it was determined to found a scholarship for that presidency, at the college at Calcutta, to be called Bishop Heber's Scholarship—a testimony of respect the most appropriate that could have been devised; and examples so generous have not been lost upon the capital of Bengal.

‘It is very pleasing to hear all this. Still, none could know him truly as he was, without visiting (as we have often done) the parish where he had chiefly resided from his childhood upwards—where he had been as the son, the husband, the father, the brother, the master, above all, as the shepherd of the flock. There, we are told, the tidings of his death were received by all as if each had lost a personal friend; and though a considerable interval had elapsed since he bade them fare-

* The *native* subscriptions in the lists are numerous, beyond what we could have believed.

well, their sorrow was as fresh as if he had just breathed his last under that roof which, in doubt, in difficulty, and in distress, had so frequently been their refuge. These are arguments of his worth the most genuine that can be offered, and which it would now be injurious to suppress ; others may speak of the richness of his conversation, the playfulness of his fancy, the delicacy of his taste, of the almost unequalled vigour and retentiveness of his memory, which, had it not been overshadowed by higher intellectual qualities, would alone have constituted him an extraordinary man—of that memory which always supplied him with the apposite quotation, the suitable illustration, the decisive authority—but it has been the main object of these pages (however imperfectly attained) to discover something of “ the hidden man of the heart,” and to hold out to those who cannot hope to rival the high endowments of Bishop Heber, or to follow him in the public and splendid parts of his career, the imitation of those virtues which the under-current, as well as the palpable course, of his life presented—of his charity, his humility, his abandonment of eve-

ry selfish feeling, his piety, at once enthusiastic and practical, exhibited in the unobtrusive and heartfelt purity of his own life, and in the tempered fervour and happy fruits of his labours as a minister of the Gospel.'

INSCRIPTION
ON THE
MONUMENT ERECTED IN MEMORY
OF
BISHOP HEBER
AT MADRAS.
COMPOSED BY THE REV. THOMAS ROBINSON, M.A.

M. S.

VIRI ADMODUM REVERENDI ET IN CHRISTO PATRIS
REGINALDI HEBER S. T. P.
PRIMO COLLEGII ÆNEI NASI IN ACADEMIA OXONIENSI ALUMNI
COLLEGII DEINDE OMNIUM ANIMARUM SOCII
PAROCHIE HODNET IN AGRO SUO NATALI SALOPIENSI
RECTORIS
APUD SOCIETATEM HONORABILEM HOSPITII LINCOLNIENSIS
PRÆDICATORIS
POSTREMO AUTEM EPISCOPI CALCUTTENSIS
QUI IN IPSO ADOLESCENTIE FLORE
INGENII FAMA
HUMANITATIS CULTU
OMNIGENÆQUE DOCTRINÆ LAUDE
ORNATISSIMUS

EA OMNIA IN COMMUNEM ECCLESIAE FRUCTUM AFFERENS
SE SUAQUE DEO HUMILLIME CONSECRAVIT
IN SANCTISSIMUM EPISCOPATUS ORDINEM
BONIS OMNIBUS HORTANTIBUS ADSCRIPTUS
ECCLESIAE APUD INDOS ANGLICANÆ INFANTIAM
NON PRO VIRIBUS SED ULTRA VIRES
USQUE AD VITÆ JACTURAM
ALUIT FOVIT SUSTENTAVIT
ADMIRABILI INGENII CANDORE
SUAVISSIMA MORUM SIMPLICITATE
DIVINAQUE ANIMI BENEVOLENTIA
USQUE ADEO OMNES SIBI VINXERAT
UT MORTUUM
ECCLESIA UNIVERSA PATREM
ETIAM EXTERI PATRONUM CARISSIMUM
DESIDERARENT
NATUS DIE APRILIS XXI A. D. MDCCLXXXIII
SUBITA MORTE PRÆREPTUS JUXTA URBEM TRICHINOPOLIM
MORTALES EXUVIAS DEPOSUIT APRILIS DIE III
ANNO SALUTIS MDCCCXXVI ÆTATIS SUÆ XLIII EPISCOPATUS III
MADRASENSES
NON SOLUM CHRISTIANI SED ET ETHNICI
PRINCIPES MAGNATES PAUPERES
AD HOC MARMOR EXSTRUENDUM
UNO CONSENSU ADFUERE.

TRIBUTE

TO THE

MEMORY OF BISHOP HEBER.

IF it be sad, to speak of treasures gone,
Of sainted genius called too soon away,
Of light, from this world taken while it shone,
Yet kindling onward to the perfect day—
How shall our grief, if mournful these things be,
Flow forth, O guide and gifted friend ! for thee ?

Hath not thy voice been here amongst us heard ?
And that deep soul of gentleness and power,
Have we not felt its breath in every word,
Wont from thy lip, as Hermon's dew, to shower ?
Yes ! in our hearts thy fervent thoughts have burned—
Of heaven they were, and thither are return'd.

How shall we mourn thee ?—With a lofty trust,
Our life's immortal birthright from above !
With a glad faith, whose eye, to track the just,
Through shades and mysteries lifts a glance of love,
And yet can weep !—for Nature so deplores
The friend that leaves us, though for happier shores

And one high tone of triumph o'er thy bier,
 One strain of solemn rapture be allowed !
 Thou that, rejoicing on thy mid-career,
 Not to decay, but unto death hast bow'd !
 In those bright regions of the rising sun,
 Where Victory ne'er a crown like thine hath won.

Praise, for yet one more name, with power endowed,
 To cheer and guide us onward as we press,
 Yet one more image on the heart bestowed,
 To dwell there—beautiful in holiness !
 Thine ! Heber thine ! whose memory from the dead
 Shines as the star, which to the Saviour led.

FELICIA HEMANS.

THE END.



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